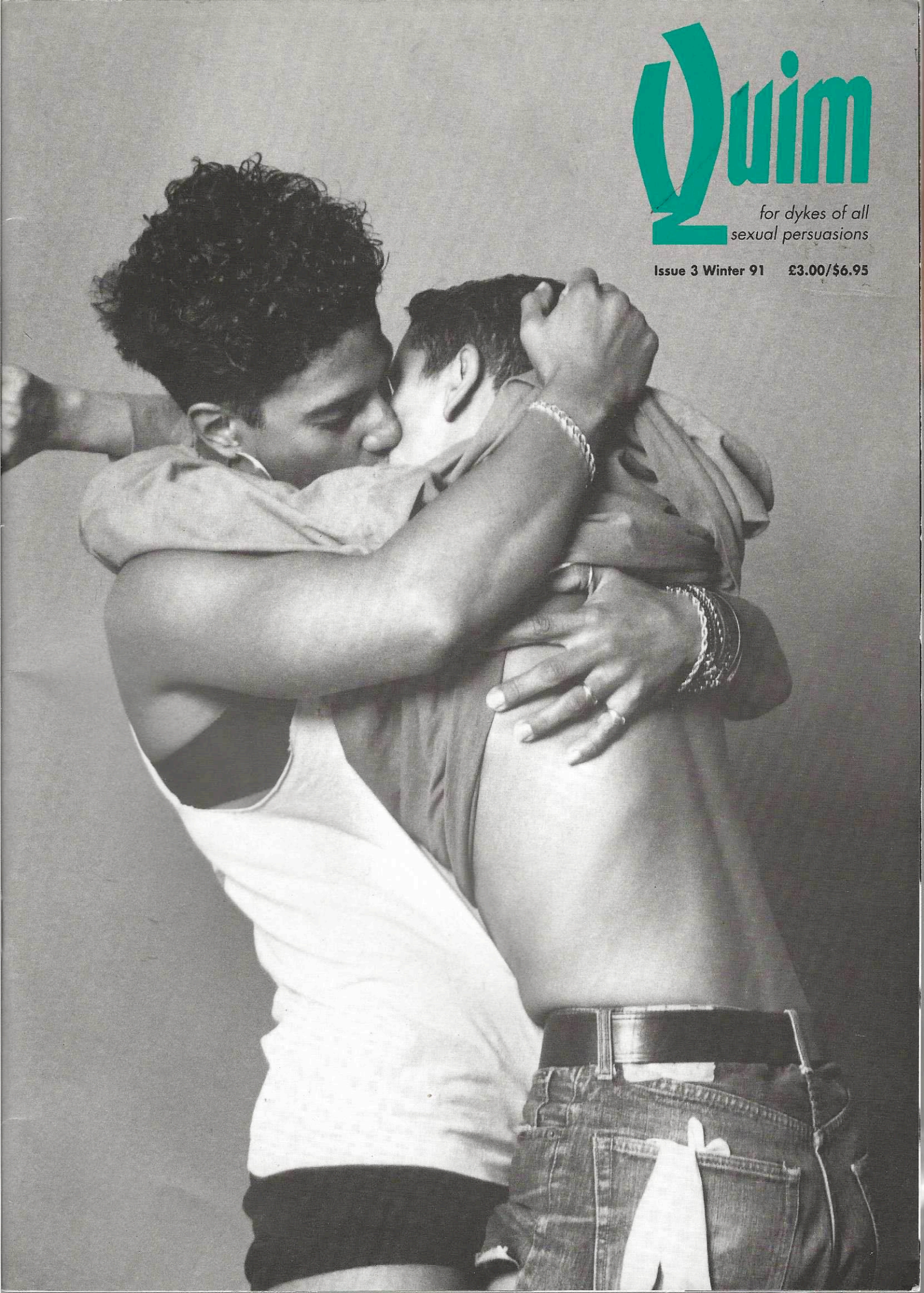

Quim

for dykes of all sexual persuasions

Issue 3 Winter 91 **£3.00/$6.95**

Quim

We're back

And this time it only took us six months. But who the fuck are we and why are we doing this (we've been asked)? Basically, Quim is Sophie and Lulu, a couple of dykes who love women and gossip and magazines and reading and photography and computers and especially having contact with as many other dykes as possible. This just seemed like the best way to do all of that at once. We get a lot of help, criticism and support from our friends (and anyone else who offers it, hey, we're not proud). Our job here is to guide, encourage and put it all together. Everybody who does work on it is doing exactly what they want. And they have total freedom with whatever they are working on. (Sorry, we do take ourselves a bit too seriously, but that's what you get with a pair of Virgos!)

Our motivation is not to make money - although it would be excellent - coz then we could pay all the women who work on it, not to mention our bills. At the moment no one gets paid for any work they do, including us.. We do Quim as slick as we do so that we can present contributions as well as possible. But in case you reckon we're riding around in Mercs at your expense, here's the bottom line on the dosh front. You pay £3 for your Quim. £1.65 - more in the US - gets split between the distributor and the bookshop. We get £1.45. Each copy costs us £1.25 to print leaving us with the ripe old sum of 20p on each copy - less on US sales - which goes little towards the cost of postage, stationery, computer and art supplies, to name but a few of the 'incidentals'. The rest we beg, borrow or...let's just say we do what we have to. We make a little more on our direct sales, such as Pride and our launch (events which drive us into a complete state of panic), and subscriptions. Should we ever get massive distribution and inundated with advertising and make some money, we've worked out a profit share plan for contributors but right now that's pie in the sky. We will be happy if Quim pays for itself for now.

We come out only twice a year coz we like to have time to think about what we are doing in the next issue, gather material for it and discuss, argue and fine tune every point. At least we try to. This is awfully time consuming and the main reason why we decided not to work as a cooperative. We figure we spend about half of our time on Quim processing and that's just between two of us. (And we have similiar politics!)

You should know that it's just the two of us dealing with all the mail and such, so if you've written and you don't hear from us or you receive a form letter, it's not coz we don't care about your stuff, it's just that we haven't had time or we haven't shown it to each other or we haven't decided what to do with it or we already have plans for it and we're just about to write to you. Recieving mail is our favourite thing, we scream and giggle and get extremely excited about it, so keep it up! We've heard from women all over the country, from small places in Shetland to cities like Sheffield, Manchester, Birmingham and Brighton. We've received mail from countries as far away as Thailand and Australia, and as close as Holland. It gives us an incredible feeling to have this confirmation that WE ARE EVERYWHERE!!! If anyone can give us leads on bookshops or coffeehouses or centres that might sell us, please let us know! We are finding that the feminist bookstores in this country, almost all, are refusing to stock us! Why? You tell us.

This issue we have contributions from all over the world. Our Fiction, with photos, is from San Francisco. Queer World has come from all over the place. We have Quimquotes from women in Canada and Amsterdam. The Quimquotes questionaires we put in the women's bar at London's Lesbian and Gay Centre were, we think, answered by many sorts of women. These brought us so much material that we can only use bits of it. If you want to see Butch/Femme and/or masturbation whole, send a self addressed stamped envelope and we wil send you a copy. (Bear in mind that we have to pay to copy them.) Thanks to all the women who participated, even those of you who didn't like the questions. We are here for all lesbians to express their point of view, so go for it.

When it comes down to it, what we really like is for as many dykes as possible, from as many places as possible, sending us ideas, information and material that we can publish. (SEE SUBMISSIONS PAGE) Every woman's personal experience is what we are after. If we could fill the mag without us writing a word ourselves we would be perfectly happy. We are not here to run a sex debate and question whether or not pornography/erotica, ie. showing/talking about our sexuality, ie. Quim, is right or wrong in being. What we do in Quim is right for us, and from the reaction to Quim, it's right for a whole lotta dykes in this country. We are a magazine by DYKES for DYKES, with an in-your-face, positive approach to SEX and sexuality! We don't care what you call yourself - lesbian, dyke, womyn, wimmin, queer, seperatist, lezzie, butch, bitch, femme, feminist etc...Quim just wants you to use us to have your say. We are here for you, because of you, to entertain and please you.

Maybe, just maybe all together we can change the fucking world.

(Did we forget to tell you we're idealists?)

LOVE PEACE & POWER

Photo: Tracy Mostovoy

COVER PHOTO BY JESSICA TANZER

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Photo: Laurence

VENT

This is the space to let off steam, get the verbal boxing gloves out and let the world know what you think about it. Either that wasn't clear last time, or you're all so contented with your lots that you've nowt to gripe about. A likely story. Whatever the reason, the response to *Vent* was quite frankly pitiful - it's just not good enough. So this is your last chance to air what gets on your nerves otherwise next time around they'll be smutty bits on these expensive to print pages instead. Send your bitch to Quim, BM 2182, London WC1N 3XX.

Don't ask me, tell me!

What's all this shit about 'getting to know each others bodies'? I'm not here on behalf of Ordnance Survey. I want to get into your pussy and fuck you. And 'find out what she likes'!! Listen up baby, I'm not programmable and I'm not waiting for your order. It's a set menu tonight and you'll have what you're given. Do I sound selfish, insensitive. Tough. IHell, I want your surprises too. Do I really have toto spell out where, how, whey, why? Do what you want. If I don't like it, I'll tell you. Aw, don't be shy, come one I'm waiting

Box burning

Why, oh why do the sisters get so uncomfortable if they can't fit you into a box? I came out in the 60s and my box then was labelled *butch* because of the way I look. During the 70s it was *working class butch - not worth talking to because she works in a factory but isn't a marxist.* The 80s saw *butch radical lesbian feminist seperatist* because of my green politics. Now I'm beginning to get the impression that the 90s are going to be *butch older lesbian respectable seperatist.* Well, I don't fit into any of your boxes, sisters and I don't personally know many lesbians who do. The truth of the matter is I look butch but I'm not, have a perfectly okay I.Q. and have never been a seperatist. What I have always been is an anarchist getting darker green and more radical with each passing year and madly in love with women and sex. How about it sisters? I think its time we all got down to some serious box burning.

Strange bedfellows

Here we have a Labour MP, Dawn Primarolo, trying to get so called left wing legislation passed that will prevent porn from being sold anywhere apart from licensed premises that can only, I mean only, sell porn. The bill is backed up by the porn-is-the-theory-rape-is-the-practice proponents who tell us that once porn is only available to those willing to brave the back alleys and plastic strip door curtains, which inevitably is what it will mean, we'll see a dramatic fall in the number of women being sexually abused because there won't be these pictures around of big bosomed blondes giving men the wrong message about women. Well dream on Dawn! Improved street lighting, access to the jobs that suit us, child care, housing and all the things that bring us autonomy and therefore strength are gonna do more good than a bit of paper signed by the Queen that tells judges they can bang up the people that sell porn. But the real job of giving women a fairer deal is complicated ain't it and more to the point, it costs! All it does is give the Obscene Publications Suad, many of whom are are on their own personal mission from God and virtually a law unto themselves, another string to their bow. Good one Labour party. What it means for us is that any of our own magazines that have any sex in them will be stashed away in these 'special interest' shops and we'll be down the back alleys wi th the dirty mac brigade hunting for our Square Peg, Gay Times, Quim, et al. Will we have the stamina? Maybe not, so goodbye lesbian and/or gay magazine. If you care write to Dawn Primarolo at the House of Comrnons, Westminster, London SWI. And join Pussy (Perverts Undermining State ScrutinY) a part of Outrage. Tel. 071 490 7153

Today's deviance, tomorrow's normality.

Opinions and arseholes

Why is it that when there's a personal falling out between a couple of dykes, lovers or whatever, everyone has to poke their noses in and everyone in a particular 'clan' is expected to take a position on a dispute that's none of their business, regardless of how removed they are from the people involved. Sometimes this mass participation is motivated by genuine concern and a desire to mediate and resolve differences but often it's just over the back wall gossip in the name of trying to get things sorted and it just throws more fat on the fire. Is it a bonding ritual or what. If you don't comment because you don't want to get involved there's an awkward silence and you get the sense that you're thought of as morally apathetic. Solidarity to your friends and community is not the same as claustrophobic consensus. There are other ways to relieve boredom and use up energy and time (like sex, and dare I mention it, political actions) than playground bickering.

"Dykes with guns, that'll scare 'em."
Dorothy Allison

Fuck a Merry Christmas

If the religious aspect of this 'holiday' isn't enough to put you off, here are a few more reasons. How many dykes can afford it? Not only because of presents, but most working dykes have the kind of job where they need to work whatever days they can, which usually means, if not on Christmas, then the day before and the day after. When you do get it off, who do you celebrate with? If you are on good terms with family that generally means making a choice about who you spend it with. Your lover and gay family? Or your blood family? Then you have to think about the personal politics involved with bringing your lover 'home' for the holidays. What if you are out and your family doesn't accept it or expects you to behave in a 'proper' manner for the occasion? Then there is always the possibility that you have neither family or lover and all the hype is sure to send you straight out a window. So, fuck a Merry Christmas!

Same old shit, different boys

There's a brand of boy around at the moment who reckon that just because you're a pro-sex dyke, maybe don a bit of leather, and talk brash and bold on occasion, that you have forgotten your feminism and they can get away with sexist put downs, anti-women jokes and all the rest of it. It's as if they think there are two kinds of dykes 'the old kind' who got on their nerves with their 'excuse me, that's the third time you've interrupted me' and some new kind which they reckon is me. I've been in rooms, too often recently, with gay men who assumed, until set straight, that they could get snide about the 'feminist kind of lesbian' and I'd laugh along. These boys should remember that despite our differences, and the variations in our backgrounds/perspectives we all have something in common and it begins with a 'W' and doesn't have a dick. (Unless it lives in a toy box and straps on, of course.)

Feminism must put forward a politics that resists deprivation and supports pleasure - Carole S Vance

from our Queen of Vents, Valerie Solanas - to our Queen of SCUM, Madonna

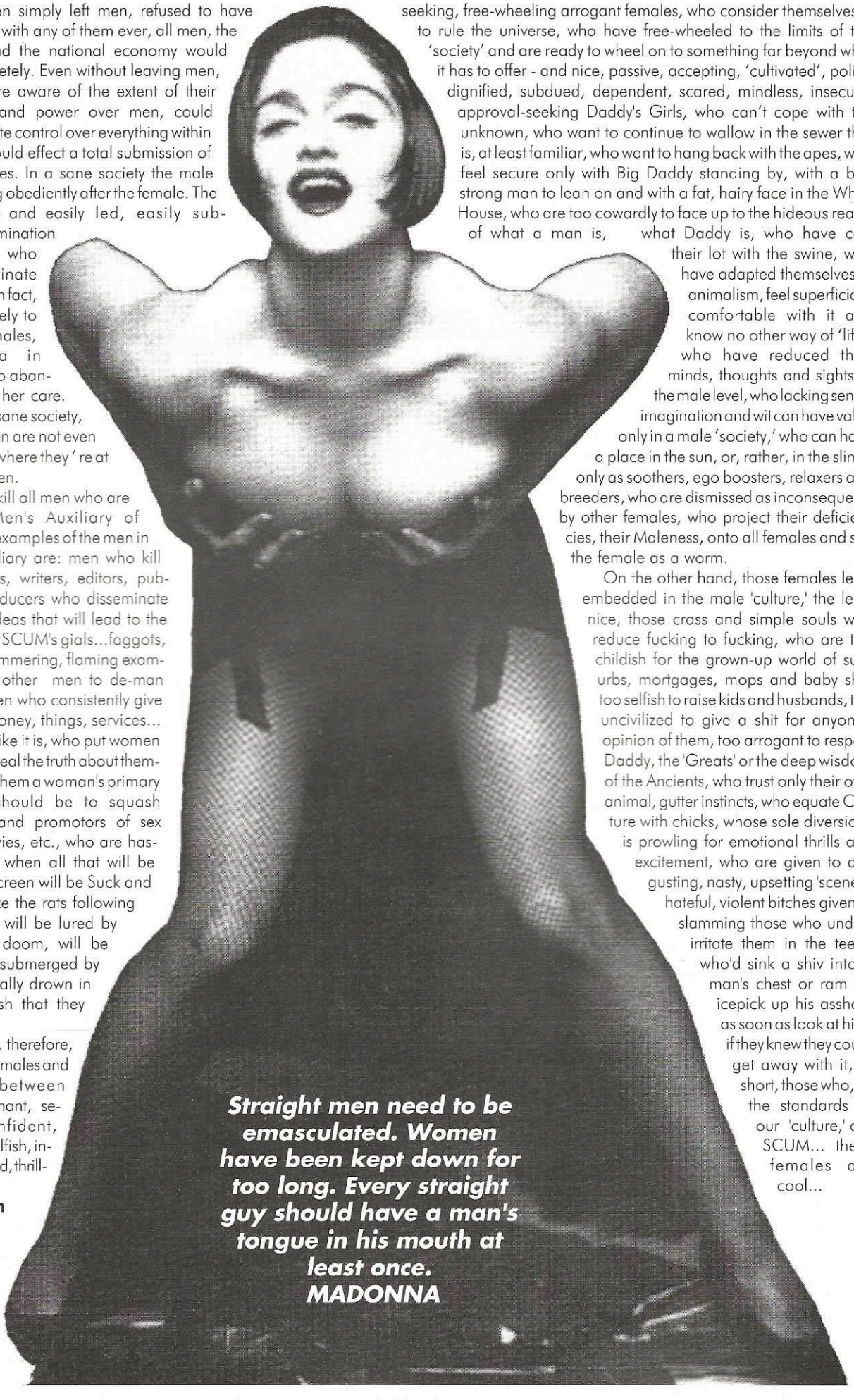
Life in this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy the male sex.

If all women simply left men, refused to have anything, to do with any of them ever, all men, the government and the national economy would collapse completely. Even without leaving men, women who are aware of the extent of their superiority to and power over men, could acquire complete control over everything within a few weeks, could effect a total submission of males to females. In a sane society the male would trot along obediently after the female. The male is docile and easily led, easily subjected to the domination of any female who cares to dominate him. The male, in fact, wants desperately to be led by females, wants Mama in charge, wants to abandon himself to her care. But this is not a sane society, and most women are not even dimly aware of where they ' re at in relation to men.

SCUM will kill all men who are not in the Men's Auxiliary of SCUM...A few examples of the men in the Men's Auxiliary are: men who kill men...journalists, writers, editors, publishers and producers who disseminate and promote ideas that will lead to the achievement of SCUM's gials...faggots, who by their shimmering, flaming example encourage other men to de-man themselves...men who consistently give things away, money, things, services... men who tell it like it is, who put women straight, who reveal the truth about themselves, who tell them a woman's primary goal in life should be to squash men...makers and promotors of sex books and movies, etc., who are hastening the day when all that will be shown on the screen will be Suck and Fuck (males, like the rats following the Pied Piper, will be lured by Pussy to their doom, will be overcome and submerged by and will eventually drown in the passive flesh that they are).

The conflict, therefore, is not between females and males, but between SCUM - dominant, secure, self-confident, nasty, violent, selfish, independent, proud, thrill-seeking, free-wheeling arrogant females, who consider themselves fit to rule the universe, who have free-wheeled to the limits of this 'society' and are ready to wheel on to something far beyond what it has to offer - and nice, passive, accepting, 'cultivated', polite, dignified, subdued, dependent, scared, mindless, insecure, approval-seeking Daddy's Girls, who can't cope with the unknown, who want to continue to wallow in the sewer that is, at least familiar, who want to hang back with the apes, who feel secure only with Big Daddy standing by, with a big, strong man to lean on and with a fat, hairy face in the White House, who are too cowardly to face up to the hideous reality of what a man is, what Daddy is, who have cast their lot with the swine, who have adapted themselves to animalism, feel superficially comfortable with it and know no other way of 'life', who have reduced their minds, thoughts and sights to the male level, who lacking sense, imagination and wit can have value only in a male 'society,' who can have a place in the sun, or, rather, in the slime, only as soothers, ego boosters, relaxers and breeders, who are dismissed as inconsequents by other females, who project their deficiencies, their Maleness, onto all females and see the female as a worm.

On the other hand, those females least embedded in the male 'culture,' the least nice, those crass and simple souls who reduce fucking to fucking, who are too childish for the grown-up world of suburbs, mortgages, mops and baby shit, too selfish to raise kids and husbands, too uncivilized to give a shit for anyone's opinion of them, too arrogant to respect Daddy, the 'Greats' or the deep wisdom of the Ancients, who trust only their own animal, gutter instincts, who equate Culture with chicks, whose sole diversions is prowling for emotional thrills and excitement, who are given to disgusting, nasty, upsetting 'scenes,' hateful, violent bitches given to slamming those who unduly irritate them in the teeth, who'd sink a shiv into a man's chest or ram an icepick up his asshole as soon as look at him, if they knew they could get away with it, in short, those who, by the standards of our 'culture,' are SCUM... these females are cool...



Straight men need to be emasculated. Women have been kept down for too long. Every straight guy should have a man's tongue in his mouth at least once.
MADONNA

excerpts from S.C.U.M. MANIFESTO by Valerie Solanas

"Stop expecting me to be your mother." The words fly out in anger during another pointless argument between us. You look in my eyes, hurt, then another expression crosses your face. You can always diffuse me with a teasing smile.

"I'd rather you were my father." Not what I expected to hear at all. This is the reason I'm so in love with you still, your ability to always surprise and shock me.

We both know what that sentence means. We've both been 'victims' of over-affectionate (for want of a better expression) stepfathers. We'd talked about it, seriously, had it as a bond between us somehow. The awful secret shared finally. That we hadn't completely hated the inappropriate attention, we'd enjoyed the power of our teenage flirtations, shamefully enjoying the adult responses we'd aroused.

So now we could play it, live it. Yes, I'll be that for you. You can be my little girl. "Did you behave at school today?" "Have you got any homework?" "Do you want a lift to the train tomorrow?" (Oh, yes, any opportunity to be alone together.) "Come and sit next to me, we've got loads of time, you are daddy's favourite you know." We are excited, hot, happy.

Oh baby, I love you so much. Like this we gain power from all the bad things they tried to do to us, make them our own, make ourselves free.

We go into the bedroom. I kiss your expectant mouth, slow, soft, sexy. I loosen your blouse and gently stroke your gorgeous breasts.

"Are you sure you should, daddy?"

"I won't hurt you baby, it's nice, enjoy it." I slip your shirt off and hold you close to me, you nuzzle into me so quiet and small. I lift your skirt and slip down your navy blue knickers, your shaved pussy making the game ever more believable. No words now, just fantasies shared between us, understanding older than our relationship. As I gently explore your cunt, rubbing it the way I know you like, you hide your face, feigning shame, desire mounting in both of us. It makes me so incredibly horny to do this, to say these things, to finally let it out. You don't touch me, oh no, that's not the idea. It was never like that. Husky with desire, hard to talk, easier to whisper. "Yes daddy, it is, it is."

"You must never tell anyone. I'm going to do something especially nice but it has to be our little secret."

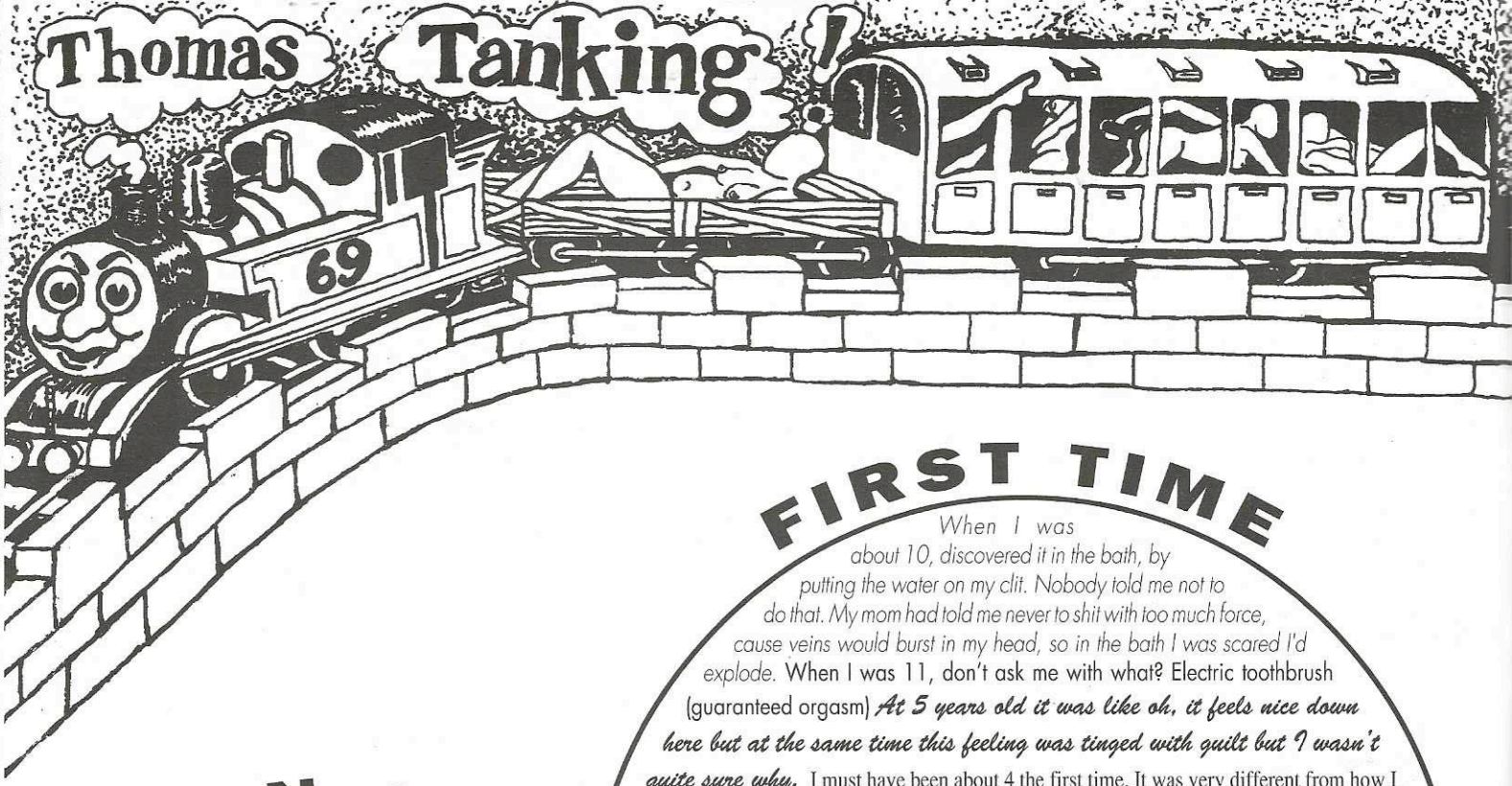
I slowly bring you to orgasm. It's been such a long time coming, building, exploding from somewhere deep inside you. You cry out in release, fulfilment, passion. The taboo territory finally charted.

As the tidal wave subsides I hold you close to me, your body somehow protected by wrapping mine around it. It feels like we have shocked ourselves and need time to assimilate our private thoughts,

After an age of silence you look up at me. "Thank you daddy." There it is, our boundaries being unconditionally pushed and explored within these walls. "I love you, baby girl."

Fish

Photo: Sarah Booker



TURN ONS

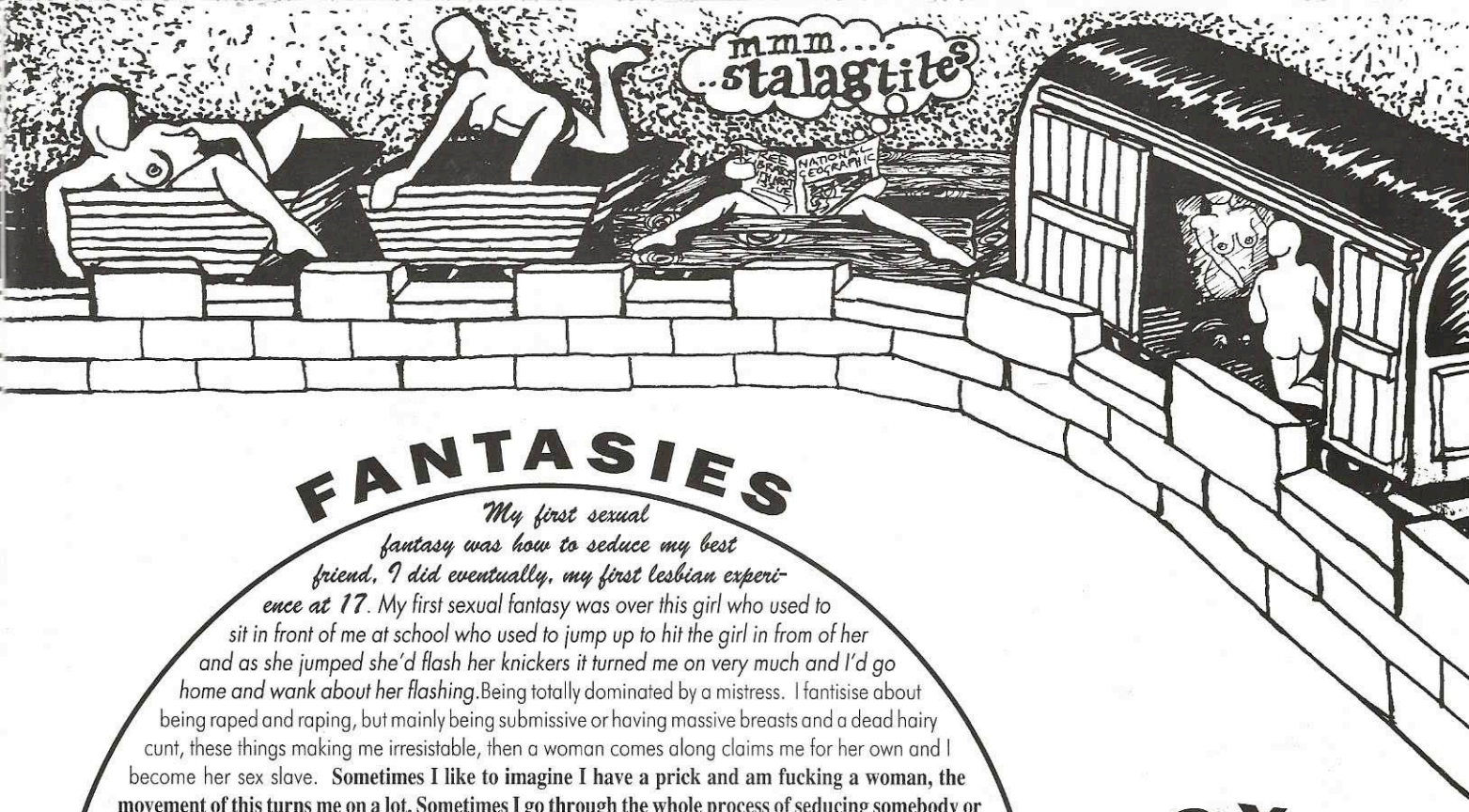
Kylie Minogue posters. *Coming to Power and the rape scene in the book Last Exit to Brooklyn.* Playgirl, telephone sex. Gay men's porn. ***Macho Sluts, On Our Backs,*** Anais Nin, raunchy Victorian porn, good lesbian porn. Desert Hearts *Beautifully written gay (boys) porn literature and 'Butch Baby' from 2nd Quim.* Any pictures of same sex couples together turn me on. Lesbian erotica definitely passes the wet test, gets me turned on. Seeing my lover in 'straight' mode out in the world. **The pre-Raphaelites are dead sexy.** Debbie Does Dallas (its the only viedo I have) but I don't need them to turn me on. Janus - spanking magazine with stories and pictures. My Secret Garden - rape and domination fantasy section. *Straight '70s porn.* Coming to Power. Serious Pleasure. Wish I could find some true dyke to dyke videos I would definately use them. *Some magazines (not porn though). I prefer the written word so my fantasy imagination can run riot.* Macho Sluts, hettie books with juicy bits, pornography if I get given it. *Usually straight porn as most lesbian porn bores me.* ***I use music - any Sinead O'Conner song, especially 'Don't Ignore the War'.*** Macho Sluts, Leading Edge, Artemis Oakgrove, even Quim et al. Tho' I once got really turned on looking at a National Geographic Magazine and had to stop for a wank! Straight 'Top shelf' mags especially EScort. Also Parade cos it is cheap, readers letters can be varied to suit me - always lots of sex with strangers. Artimis Oakgrove - especially Nighthawk, description of the body jewelry. I also like porn videos. I do get turned on by straight stuff. I think because they are having sex rather than I wish I were there. I can change it in my head. *Macho Sluts, some stories in On Our Backs when I can borrow one. A copy of Bad Attitude. .*

FIRST TIME

When I was about 10, discovered it in the bath, by putting the water on my clit. Nobody told me not to do that. My mom had told me never to shit with too much force, cause veins would burst in my head, so in the bath I was scared I'd explode. When I was 11, don't ask me with what? Electric toothbrush (guaranteed orgasm) ***At 5 years old it was like oh, it feels nice down here but at the same time this feeling was tinged with guilt but I wasn't quite sure why.*** I must have been about 4 the first time. It was very different from how I masturbate these days - very unfocused in feeling, not coming, but striving to reach some kind of peak - and knowing when I got there. *I was seven. It felt good, so I kept doing it.* I do remember the first time, but it was frightening, I thought I would be caught and felt ashamed. I did it a lot when I was 5-10. Stopped for about 8 years. Had to re-learn how to masturbate and fantasize and I still don't do it very often. Feel I missed out as a teenager, something society takes for granted that men wank but so many women don't know how - including me for a while. ***The first time I masturbated I was 12. My sister had just started her first period and I could see you sanny towel and belt through her nightie - I was so excited that the next time I had the room to myself I found her equipment and closed my legs round it rocking - wow! I remember it like yesterday and I've been into women with harnesses ever since!*** The first time was while watching the Prince film Purple Rain (on video). It was a realisation of my sexuality and that I have everything that I need 'I don't need what I haven't got!!' I was very young and it was cold I had a hot water bottle, I put it between my legs moved up and down a bit and got this really good feeling. *The first time was after coming in my sleep, whilst dreaming about being tied to a mast and simultaneously being fucked by 'long john silver'. I woke up and thought 'ooeoh! what was that?... I think it came from down here somewhere...Now, let me see....If I do this...!"!??!"*!!POW!'* 12 years old. I thought the top of my head was going to explode off! *The first time I wanked was when I was about six years old. I was climbing a tree I had my legs wrapped around the tree and really got into it. When I was thirteen I deliberately set out to have an orgasm. I made a dildo and came by butting it against my clit. I thought I was going to die with pleasure.* In a B&B in Blackpool age 9 or 10. Very exciting, worried my parents would catch me. Didn't stop all night! *I thought I'd given myself heart-failure. I really thought I'd slipped into another dimension and given myself permanent physical damage.* I was eight, I didn't really think about it I just did and thought this feels good and since then I wank nearly everyday. **17, completely unsatisfactory, that's why I haven't done it since.** My teddy bear and I had a 'very special' relationship from an early age, and I was rather fond of swings too. Only succeeded in orgasm after I had a lover. ***Climbing ropes in school hall, oooh!! Toilet seat (age 8)*** I started masturbating at around 4 years old - and that's as far as I can remember. I was 12 and a girl at school had brought in this book called 'The little Red Book' and it told you how to do it. I loved it once I'd figured out how to do it. I recall dreams involving sensual feelings at 5-6 years old. ***Wonderful! Age, about 6, playing chariots on the staircase, I've never looked back. I can remember maturating as long as I can remember being alive. I had orgasms even then though I didn't know that's what it was called. I do remember placing things in my vagina for the first time. It didn't turn me on but I was interested to see how deeply things would go in.*** I was 7. It was magic, unknown, forbidden but did not seem at all dirty (as my mother told me!) At the age of 6. I kept rubbing myself and didn't stop as I felt so high - when I came I thought I had discovered something new. I had to keep it a secret as my mother was suspicious about the holes in my pajamas pants. I would get a lecture on how dirty it was.

Illustration: Angie Taylor

masturbation **quimquotes**

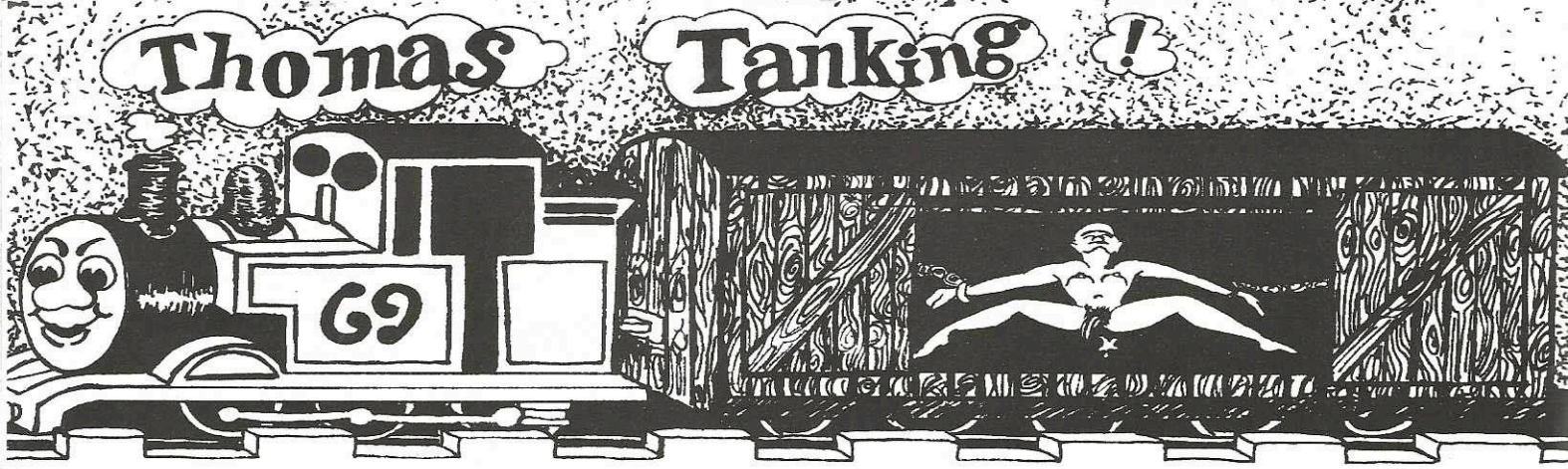


FANTASIES

My first sexual fantasy was how to seduce my best friend. I did eventually, my first lesbian experience at 17. *My first sexual fantasy was over this girl who used to sit in front of me at school who used to jump up to hit the girl in from of her and as she jumped she'd flash her knickers it turned me on very much and I'd go home and wank about her flashing.* Being totally dominated by a mistress. I fantisise about being raped and raping, but mainly being submissive or having massive breasts and a dead hairy cunt, these things making me irresistable, then a woman comes along claims me for her own and I become her sex slave. **Sometimes I like to imagine I have a prick and am fucking a woman, the movement of this turns me on a lot. Sometimes I go through the whole process of seducing somebody or being seduced in my head, by the time I get to the fantasising about kissing, I'm usually well on my way and then I tend to focus more on what I'm doing to myself.** *I've no imagination - they are usually variations on stuff in straight sex mags, t.v. etc. Main fantasies - involve me in exhibitionist role with lots/or one voyeur, sex with strangers and dressing up - heels, stocking, (seamed), lace underwear, rubber. Shaved pussys. For me it is the looking and being looked at eg. sex in public/parties etc. That gets me wet especially if the women are wearing Skin 2 corsets! More than the actual activity which I imagine doing.* I don't really use fantasies while masturbating. I may try out my fantasies on myself first to see if I can hack them ie. enema, arse fucking, wearing a collar - I tried out all these on myself first as part of wanking. I tend to have 'cosmic wimminy" images going on while I wank waterfalls, sunsets, caves etc. What a confession! My first sexual fantasy while masturbating was when I was married and I used to fantasise about fucking women with a double dildo and harness. Just thinking about someone I have a thing about (someone I know - strangers don't do it for me) can turn me on before masturbating - but it's not a fantasy and not a sexual thought - just thinking about her and I can feel turned on so I take advantage of it. *I have a fantasy of being with all my previous lovers... however I don't think they'd all fit in one bed! They all have responsibility for caressing one part of my body. But take turns to make me come.* 'Tom of Finland" and other similiar porn, scenes from pornographic films or books, experiences with past lovers, but never with present lovers (for reasons which I would rather not divulge.) *S/m bondage, food fantasies, gentle sex that goes on forever. I imagine sex in strange places, alone or with people watching.* All the things I'm too embarressed to put into practice! Three in a bed, being seduced, very submissive. For some reason wanting to cry after making love and feeling good about it. Regular fantasy is - obscenely overweight man slobbering over whore who couldn't care less! First fantasy - oral sex - I thought I'd invented the whole shocking notion. *Spanking and rape fantasies, usually involving men. With women they are of a more 'romantic' nature about someone I fancy. These sexual feelings whenever a kid was spanked or caned led me to wank on regular basis and have stayed ever since!! Usually I am a 'voyeur' ie. it is someone else - a faceless woman - to whom things are being done, although on occasion I will put myself into the scene as the 'victim'.* I don't think of anything, just leave my head and enter my body. It's easier in the rain, something to do with rhythm or water, I should think. I'm tied up and a blonde scandanavian is going down on me - I then handcuff her and go down on her. Boring but effective. **I would like to make love in a field in the warm sun with no one around.** Kylie, strawberry yogourt and jellytots. *'Rape' type fantasies of being fucked by men with big cocks in public or more recently women with didlos. In real life cocks don't turn me on much and I'm keener on hands than dildos.* Masturbating is to a certain extent a relief. I concentrate on myself rather then think of anyone, or thing else. ***My favourite sexual fantasy alternates between me being top and bottom. I'm being tied down and my lover is fucking me with a dildo, then I'm doing that to her. My first sexual fantasy was being fucked by a woman with a dick - I didn't know about dildos...*** *Public sex - especially on mountainsides or other out of the way places. Leather and bondage, preferably me being submissive.* I often mentally undress and make love to each person sitting on the tube, one by one, regardless of whether they are male/female or old/young. *I think that my only fantasy while masturbating is to imagine someone (or a few people) leaning over me and watching!!* Seducing frustrated housewives. *A teacher (dominant women) I can trust, intellectually.* My mother's best friend being injected by my father, not fucked but her hair changes colour. (Strange but true). *Think about the last time I had sex and a lot of pain. Full weight of someone on my nipples.* Nunnery's girlschool or a vicious war between Amazon tribes.

TOYS

Some dildoes are too fat for me. I have this tube (UHU glue) which is about the perfect size and length for a good long, easy fuck. *Use vegtables, strap on.* ***Vibrator - usually as a dildo without the batteries cos of the noise (and it interferes with TV reception). I really like the way the vibrator sounds as it hits the metal of my labia ring - big turn on.*** Anything and everything and all at once! And yes, I've had things stuck up there a while! *I once drew my own cunt and them fucked myself with the pencil. It's amazing what you can do when your bored!* HP sauce bottles. **Vibrators, dildos, clamps, whips, paddles, restraints, the usual. In fact thats what I'm off to do now.** Bedroom door, but now I'm much heaver and scared of yanking it off its hinges. *I just let my fingers do the talking - they do chatter an awful lot!* A whale but the dog ate it. (a dildo shaped like a whale from Dills for Does in the States). Two or three vibrators at the same time. *Candles, deodorant bottles, up my bum (we may as well be frank).* ***I let hot wax drip over my breasts while I masturbate with my free hand.***



FAVOURITES

Thinking about some one I really fancy, taking a long time, taking myself to the point of coming then holding on for as long as I can, keeping on bringing myself to the point of coming, using something to fuck myself with and my fingers on my clit. Then letting go. ***When possible I dress up - sexy underwear and stockings and stand in front of the mirror.*** Usually in bed in the afternoon trying to sleep but getting turned on so going off in search of something to use (dildo, fruit, vegetable, deodorant, nail polish fixer, you name it I've used it!) The turn on comes in the search for just the right thing to fit my cunt/arse/both. The rest is usually dead quick - lying on my belly and fucking myself silly. ***Doing Observer crosswords, stoned***. I have a long hot bath and then wake myself up by using the shower very powerful and hot. *A public place if possible.* Fantasising in bed or lying on the lounge floor naked. *Very long, very slow, frustrating, withholding release until it becomes unbearable.* All I do is rub my clit. *Face down with my fingers, fantasising away.* I like to wank wearing my dildo, sat in a chair and imagine I'm being sucked off. I like to wank secretly in public places e.g. on a train, in the supermarket. ***I put the biggest dildo I can find in the middle of the goat-skin rug and place a 6 ft long mirror on the wall enface de moi, then I put horny music on the turntable e.g. 'When I'm with you, I feel whole again' and them I dance up and down on the dildo!!!*** I like to read and wank. I've perfected the technique of turning the page with one hand. *On a bus, tube, coach on the way to Leeds, in the cinema, on a park bench.* There isn't one, I don't do it (honestly). *In the bath, I guess, but trains do have a lot going for them, as do bicycle seats and ponies.* ***I like to be underneath my girfriend with a dildo up my ass and my fingers working my clit.*** With a vibrator through cloth. Or best, when doing vaginal or anal penetration and a vibrator on my clitoris. *Often only clitoral, sometimes that and right nipple.* A particular favourite is placing two large firm pillows on to the bed, sitting upon them with nothing on, manipulating my nipples, which are extremely sensitive, and wetting them and riding vigorously backwards and forwards on top of the pillows mmmmmm! ***Gripping some cloth (a t-shirt, knickers, hankey...not socks, ugh) between by legs, crossing my legs and pulling on it (the cloth) while flexing and moving the muscles in my vagina/stomach.***

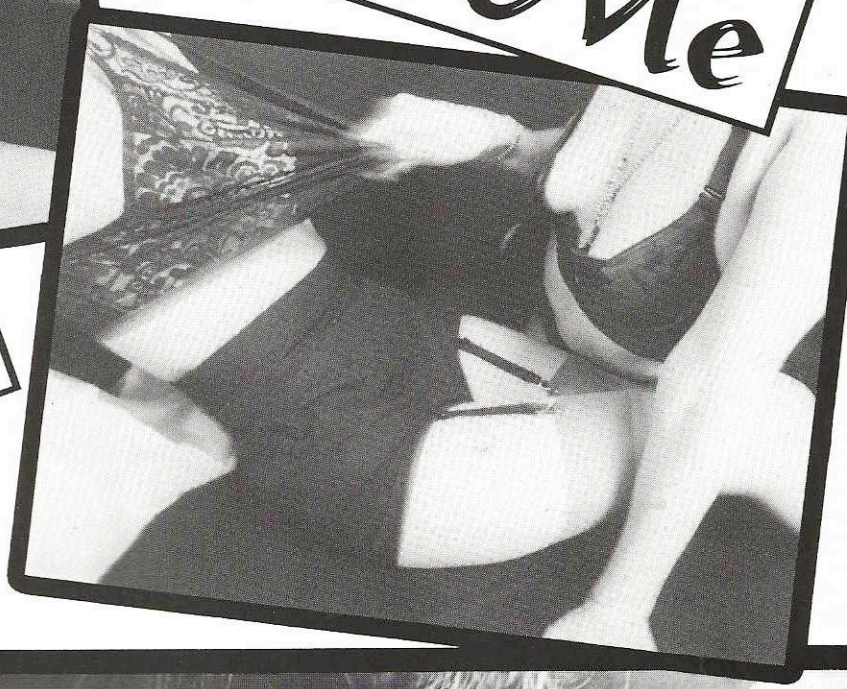
COMING

My orgasms that I give myself are deeper, harder, longer, more intense than those I have with my lover. I think this is because I feel completely free by myself. I feel muscle contractions deep in my cunt, whereas with my lover my orgasms are more clitoral. I hardly ever orgasm on my own and I do not care. I usually orgasm with other people and I know what I like - but it is difficult to get this alone. *Sometimes I just have dead lazy wanks with my fingers and I don't usually come then but that's fine. The orgasms I have with myself are less likely to be mega ones than with a lover but fun, fun, fun all the same.* I always come on my own...I don't stop until I do!! Masturbation is something very personal- it's a way of giving to oneself. ***I come more easily on my own as I feel less inhibited and I know what I like. The orgasms can be either more or less intense than when I'm with a lover - depends on my mood or how horny I am.*** *I don't care if I don't; sometimes it's better that I don't. Wanking is a purely physical release and doesn't have the mental and emotional connections of being with with a lover.* I do come on my own but I tend to find them boring. *I always come, as long as no one interrupts me and I don't fall asleep.* ***Sometimes I come on my own, sometimes I wank just enough to keep me on the edge of orgasm all day.*** My orgasms are the same, with or without my lover, but it's much nicer to 'come down' from an orgasm if my lover is there holding me. Only ever had one orgasm with a lover. It was similar to my own orgasms, maybe slightly less intense but it didn't matter because the foreplay etc. made up for it and made the whole experience WILD!! *If I have had a lot of sex I masturbate more and I just have one orgasm after another.* **Of course I come, why do it otherwise? They are different from with my lover, for a start I know what I'm doing!** *The ones I have with a lover can make me cry, it's so emotional but with myself I feel purely robotic, so impersonal. I do it almost non - sexually - a way to relax or get warm in a cold bed or to make myself tired enough to sleep.* I only usually wank when my lover has gone to sleep after my making love to her and I'm feeling frustrated. ***The orgasms are short lived, a bit like eating a MacDonalds; instant gratification but unfulfilling.***

WATCHING

I like to be teased, either me in bondage watching her play with her dick or touching her clit, or touching herself while I have to wait for permission. I like being 'made' to touch myself with the accompanying shame, guilt, humiliation that the scene requires! *I have never made love to myself whilst with a lover - I feel this is an insult to the lover, like saying that they cannot give me what I want/need. In the same way I would feel insulted if a lover made love to herself while with me, usually they don't need to!* I prefer watching my lover wanking than wanking myself, and it turns me on even more when my lover is embarressed. ***I get bored watching them make love to themselves and want to join in. I get embarrassed if they watch me or particularly wake up and catch me at it!*** I don't mind her indulging in herself and it turns me on, so long as it doesn't become exclusive and seperate us too much. (which it doesn't!). *My lover won't let me watch and I 'd really, really like to, to see how we do it differently. And because I'd enjoy it.*

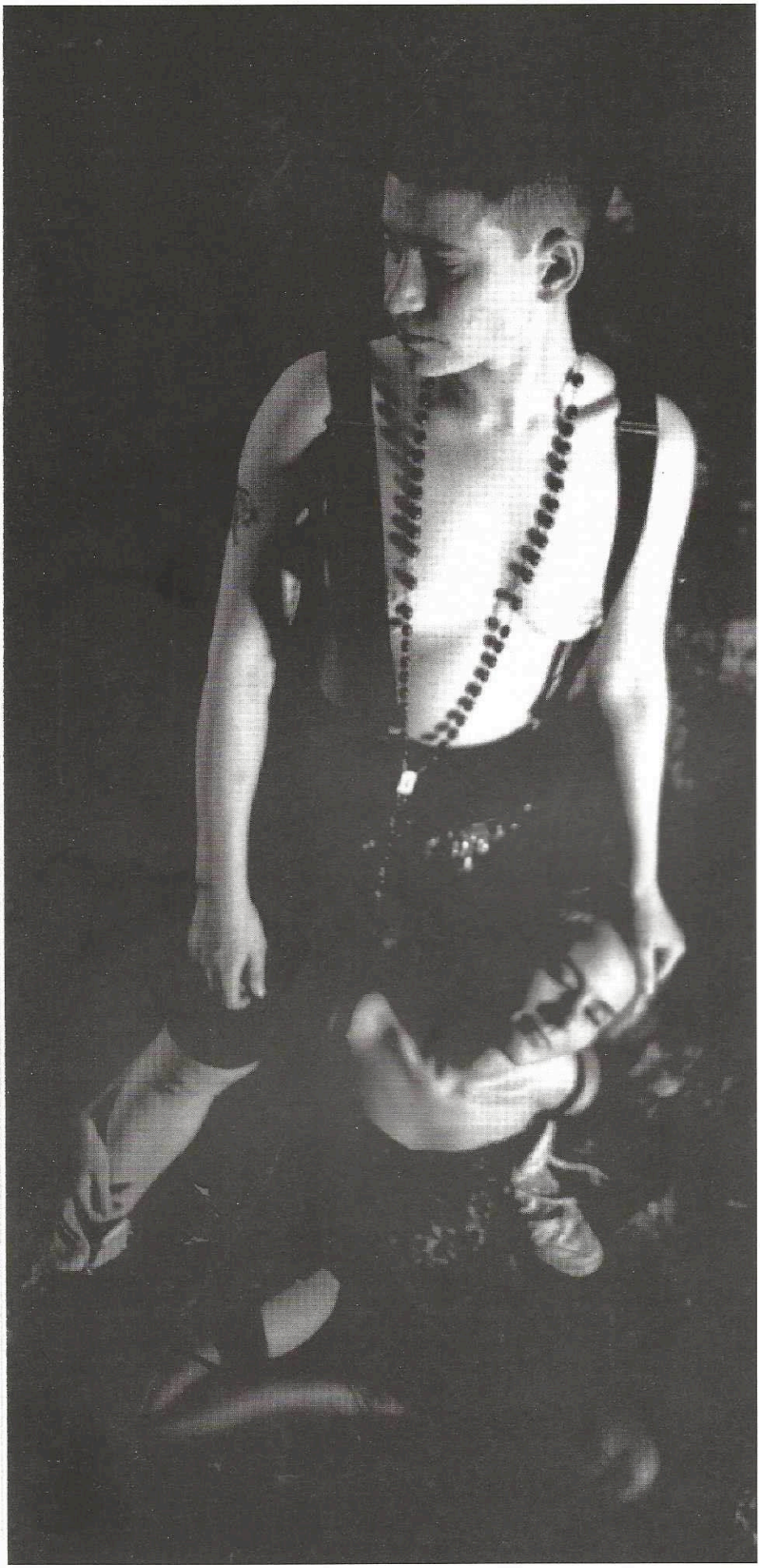
Pull Me



Push Me

Please Me

Photographs
Phyllis Christopher



ROO...DE

Those intimate minutes we spent together...
A taster & promise of endless possibilities.
Now I want to savour that taste & promise I heard when we kissed, want to guide my hands down your back over pure muscle tone, skin & soft fuzz.
Sink to my knees, between your legs, roll you around my tongue.
Get to know you...
Low down & raunchy like it should be.
Sweating & moaning, your gut level growls that hit me between my legs and tell of ecstasy
I hear you purring as my tongue slowly & excruciatingly works your clit up & down & in circles, teasing you.
You move your hips, playing kiss-chase with my tongue.
You draw me in closer with your hands, drawing me tighter into your crotch.
I slip & slide in your juices...
Snake my fingers into you & start to fuck you with long heated strokes designed to make you go up in smoke...
building relentlessly and irrevocably till I see you begin to lose it.
I take my mouth off your cunt & nip your thigh to slow you down
all the while working my hand in & out of you.
My ears are full of the wet, slippery sound of my hand plunging in...
Over & over.
I can feel you starting to lose your grip again cos I am sucking your clitoris, gently & slowly drawing it into my mouth as I come out
& letting it slide out as I go in with my fingers.
I sense you going over the edge & get caught up in your heat
& rhythm as you clamp your thighs around my head
till you're damn near sat on my shoulders.
I hold onto your firm butt with my free hand to balance myself
cos you're bucking your hips every which way
Riding my face & my hand till I start to feel like a bronco...
Wild thang!
Fairground ride with orgasmic thrills thrown in, ridden crazily.
You've got me by the roots of my hair with both hands, till my scalp starts to burn.
Just like any self-respecting bronc, I throw you & lay you out on your back.
You suck in your breath sharply, cos your cunt is running on empty now.
I fix that, bury my face in your unique mixture of sweat & juice...
Fucking you over & over till I'm into this as much as you.
Cacophone of sound, my groans & your moans twisting & blending...
& your body that just won't quit has to do just that.
Quit & give it up to me...
Your hips are off the floor, grinding slowly in small circles
muscles taut, pumping into my mouth...
Lips slipping, fingers dipping, tongue tucked into the tip of your clit, vibrating lightly with it, hand pumping
my neck scissored in your thighs, straining at the bit
to stop you from pushing me out...
Your thighs full open, a muscle flickering involuntarily at the base of your thigh, I lick it slowly...
Pussy cat & cream...
Stomach muscles flexing over & over.
My fingers move independently as your cunt pumps & milks them with contractions.
I slowly take my fingers out of you, stroke and kiss your pussy gently and comforting.
You place your hands on my shoulders and draw my body up alongside yours,
wrap your arms around me tight.
No words are spoken...
Enjoy the silence.

4 RUFF DOVE

Dedicated to Mr Fisher from Neil

We meet at a bus stop, share a cab to the disco. I wanna be your boy, learn from you, be so good for you. Want you to open me from inside out. Give it to you to hold, keep and treasure. We arrive at the disco. I fantasise about your strong body against mine, about your cruel words that make me want you so much. We tease each other, grind together.

"Please take me home," I ask.

"You're too impatient," you tell me.

I think about how I want you to wear your dick, how much I wanna take you in my mouth, my ass, so deep.

"I wanna hurt you so much," you tell me, forcing my arm up behind my back. My body falls into yours. I look at you saying nothing but telling you that I consent to your pleasure. We leave. In your room, I sit waiting, not knowing what to do. I can feel your desires, your power. It scares me. I know that I could say no but then I would have to leave. I don't want that. My thoughts are disturbed as you tell me to bring you water. When I return I am told to crawl across the floor to you where you sit above me on a chair. You are wearing your dick. I throw a pleading look, begging you, 'please'.

Your reply is a command, "suck me." My eyes water as you go deeper and I try not to gag. I move up and down trying to take it so deep, saliva dribbles from my mouth. You stop my hand and give me a johnny. "With your mouth", you say. My lips slide gently over, pushing it on. You twist your fingers in my hair and grab my jacket, pulling, throwing me on the bed. You sieze my wrist and force it behind my back once again. Your other hand loosens its grip and slides onto my face, pushing me hard into the mattress. "Take down your jeans." My ass is exposed to you, your hand slaps it.

"Count. Address me as Master."

"Fifteen, sixteen, thank you Master."

"Call me Sir."

"Seventeen, eighteen, thank you Sir." The form of address alternates at your instruction until the beating stops. I concentrate hard, don't want to get it wrong. I don't dare. "Kneel, Neil. What an appropriate name for a little gay boy."

I feel your rubber enclosed hands teasing me, pushing aginst my asshole, I am ready. I have been waiting for this for so long, waiting for you. You're so fucking good, so gorgeous, so powerful. You can take me, control me. More fingers slip inside. You give me poppers. I push onto your fingers. I am kneeling over the edge of the bed, spread open and waiting. Your dick finds its way inside me, more poppers, more lube. Our rhythm gets faster. I can feel you sliding in and out. "Fuck me please Master, this is where I want to be, taking you without pain, only openness. Wanting all of you. Fuck me, fuck your boy. Fill me up, I can take it. It doesn't hurt." Your dick doesn't feel so extremely tight inside me as I feel my whole body and mind tearing down their barriers. I feel nothing - only holding you there, so deep, enclosed around you. Your pace increases, pushing deeper and deeper inside me. I am completely lost in our rhythm, pushing back onto you, squirming all over the bed, not knowing where I am. Floating, floating...." I own you within these four walls. Here you are mine. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes Sir. I'll always come to you when you ask me to. When you need me to be your boy."

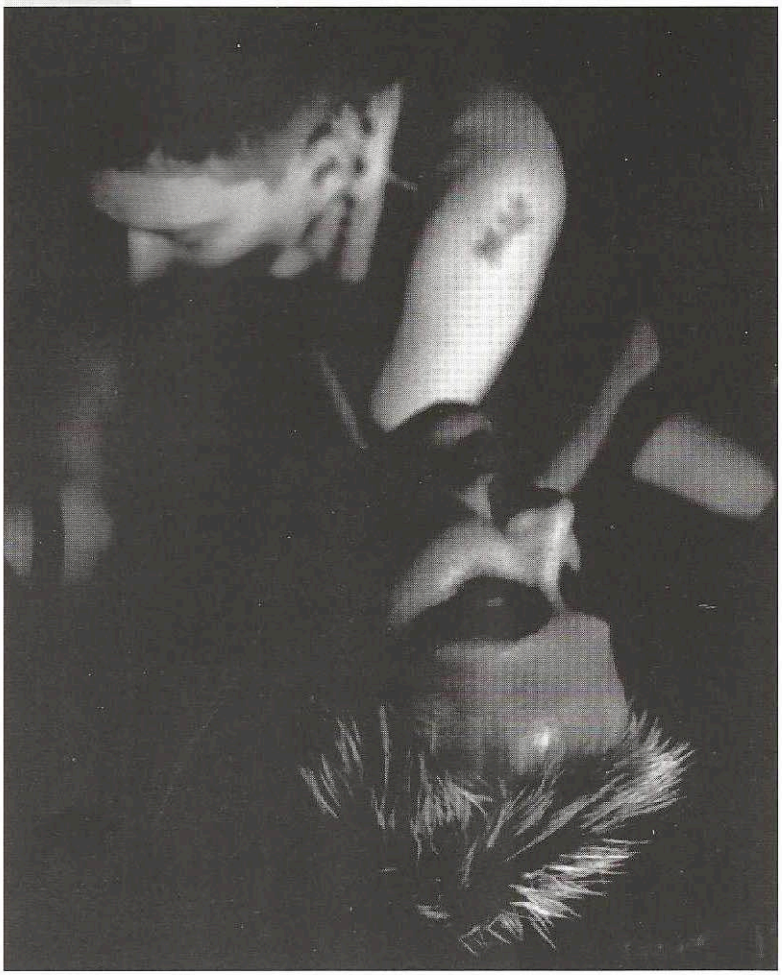
"I like to possess my lovers."

Your words reassure me, making all this more real. Knowing you will want me like this again.

ASHLEIGH

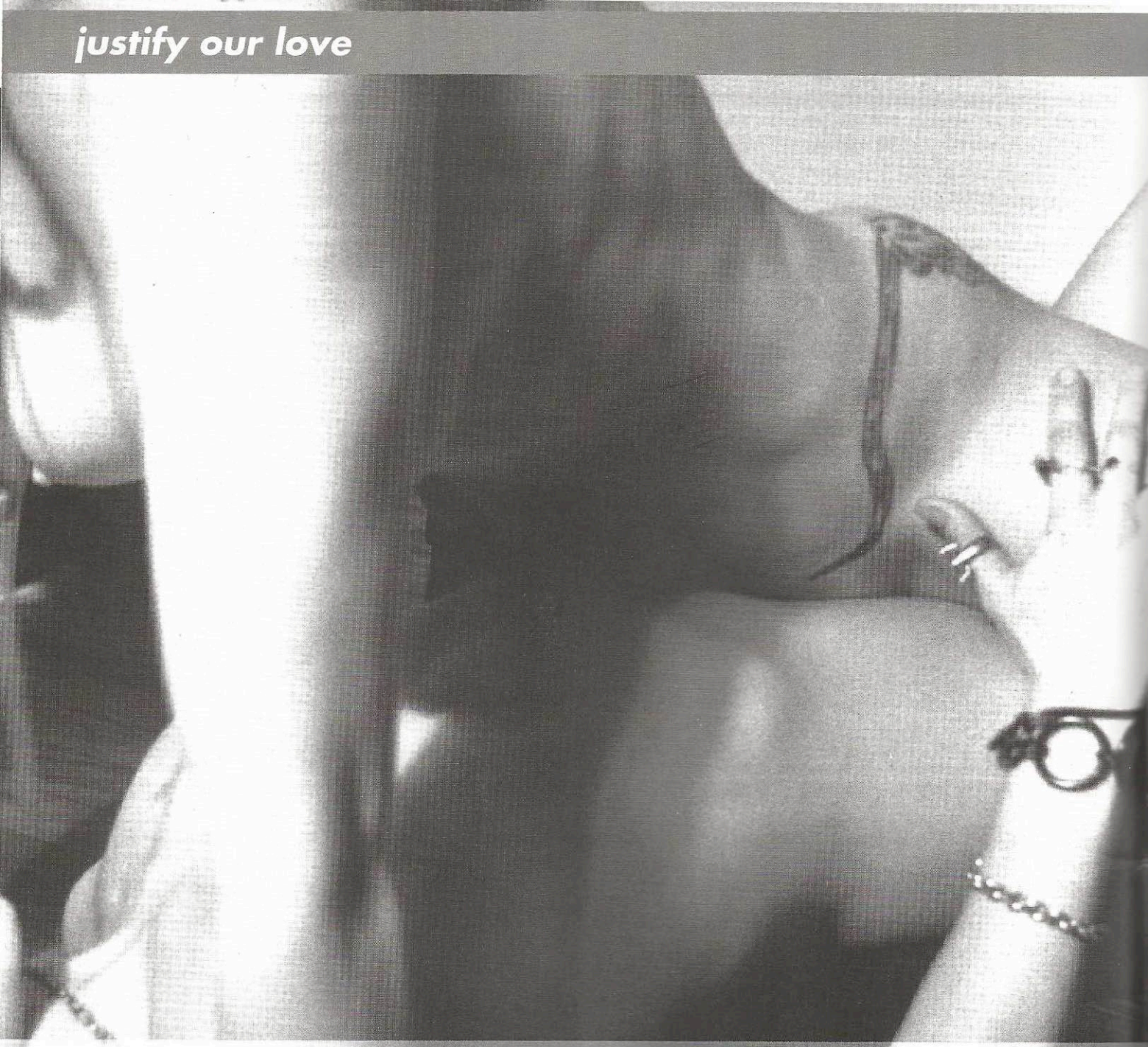
I see you in the nightclub with your short spikey hair and lusty eyes. How I stare at you all night. My cunt throbs as you dance and wiggle your arse and your tits gently bounce. You're on your own, shall I come over.? I want to kiss you, lips barely touching, tongues wet and probing. My nipples are hard, my juices are flowing. I'm coming over. I squeeze past, "hello, do you want a drink?" I say, but then I can't wait. I grab your arse with both hands and gently knead. The kiss is too much, stop biting my lip, my tongue's on fire. I can feel the heat off your cunt. Your jeans are wet. I pull down the zip. That's it, lean against the wall, open your legs. I'll suck your clit, softly at first. Your cum is sweet running down my chin. Stop pulling my hair. Then two fingers, no three, that's it. Come on baby, come on, sliding harder, faster, your hips are jerking, you're coming. I want to keep you there on the brink but you're grabbbing my head, forcing me in. That's it, oh yes, don't scream so loud, we'll get thrown out. Your clit is hard and tender. I'll be gentle with you my darling. I'll be looking for you next week. By the way, what's your name?

DEB



Photos: Tepu Bogdanoff

justify our love



Come get me babe. Catch me if you can. Smack me up against that wall and grip me tight. Hold on. Call on all the strength in that smooth, firm body of yours cause you know you re gonna need all the muscle you can muster. Be quick, be clever, keep me at a distance to make it safe. Too slow and I ll slip through your fingers . Too slow and it will be so easy for me to climb on top, fueled by that soft place where your stocking stops, burning up with a savage wanting for your creamy cunt within reach. Then you ll look up at me with that playful angel s smile and there s no way I can let you go. That first time, when you offered yourself up in the open, bowed down and raised your arse, all lit up by the light off the fire, you made that the proudest movement a person could make and reminded me what it s all about.

And tonight you reckon your going to turn us around do you?

This morning you call while I m dreaming about what I want from you. Driving myself delirous with the thought of swallowing your fist whole, your knuckles grinding deep. Our voices are breathless with lust. You whisper promises, sexing me up on the phone .

Now what you gonna do about it girl?

Want to know my dreams? About how your going to twist and tug my hair and get my scalp straining. How you re going to discover my secrets and give it me til I m clawing at your back for more and screaming at the bit. Your kisses draw the dragon, pull away too soon so my cunt feels like it ll split if I let your mouth free. You smile dismissively when I order my release. And when I test you and try again, slap me down with that harsh glint in the eyes that makes all tne difference. Forget the whip sweetness, it s what s in your face not in your hand that s gonna get to me. Tease til I get nasty, masking my desire with anger and then. Surprise me, unpredict me . Don t let my fucking cast iron guard block you. Those other girls fall at the first fence. But you woman; crisp, earthy, autumn woman, you ve got enough of the bully in you to win. And were it only that I d be gone but you got the warmth of spirit to give me the prize. You got it girl. Give this uptight, cunt tight, snob slut what she wants . And when she falls, cause I can feel I m about to fall, look on silently with your calm soothing eyes . Break me babe. Catch me, I know you can

ROMAINE

Photo: Tracy Mostovoy

butch & femme

"This short haircut, because it is mine, is a woman's hair style. These so-called men's boots, because I am wearing them, are women's boots. This pipe, because I am smoking it, is a woman's pipe. Whatever women wear is women's wear. It is a matter of individual choice and comfort."

'Differences though there be in philosophy, politics or life-style, the right of individual choice and of human dignity is basic to the sisterhood ."

"Our butch-femme relationship was perhaps less overt than some. What confused us were the concepts of what was masculine and what feminine. Phyllis tended toward more tailored clothes - boy-type shirts and suits - was that masculine? Del was sensitive, emotional, romantic - was that feminine? Or weren't these words, masculine and feminine, culturally defined and socially scripted? Did they really have anything to do with the way people really were?"

Lesbian Woman. Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon

" He hit me because I wasn't dressed as prey, and although I was wearing all those 'masculine' (sensible) clothes, it didn't make me a man and it didn't make me six foot tall, any more than it does any other lesbian. There are risks involved in looking butch, as there are in looking femme, but when I dress butch it is for other dykes, to tell them I'm there."

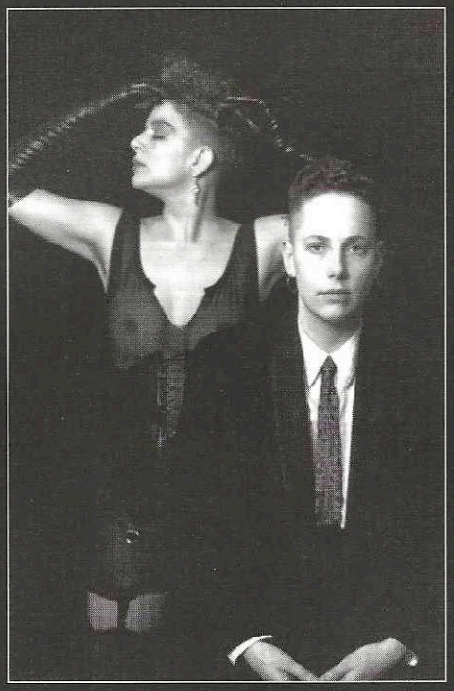
"I wonder whether lesbian resistance to taking the idea of butch and femme seriously, or even talking seriously about them is partly because it is a purely lesbian issue - while age, disability, race and class can be discussed as human issues."

" . . . if the associations with gay male behaviour or the vocabulary of s/m are too strong for us to be able to use the words butch and femme to describe lesbian experience, what terms are more appropriate? Is it politically wise to abandon linguistic territory rather than reinvesting it? "

Anna Livia, Responses to patriarchy.
GOSSIP No. 5

"The contemporary revalidation of butch and femme makes role playing into s/m erotic fantasy and practice. It is quite different in kind from the role playing of the '50's which was not the playtime fantasy of privileged lesbians but the enforced survival tactics of a lesbian community. "

"In the lesbian feminist circles and in those parts of the community which saw themselves as radical and progressive, lesbians avoided identifying themselves as butch or femme in the 1970s. Though doubtless there was role playing alive and well in less trendy areas, geographically and politically, of the lesbian subculture which had been less affected by gay liberation and lesbian feminism."Butch and Femme, Now and Then. Sheila Jeffreys, GOSSIP No.5.



"My quick survey supports the view that the stone butch is indeed a cold dead concept on the modern lesbian social scene. The idea that one lover always fucks and pleases her femme, but never gets any for herself is romantic horsehit, but horseshit nonetheless . It's a built-for-two carriage of resentment and guilt. No butch's masculinity suffers by being orgasmic."

When a woman learns how to be sexually agressive, she's called a whore . . . or a dyke. And among dykes, she may get called a butch, even if she's as eager to spread her legs as Miss Fluff over there. "

"The truly butch woman's identity had a lot more to do with 'genderfuck' than who gets fucked. "

Susie Bright

"I suggest that the word 'Lesbian-feminist' is a butch/femme relationship (as it has been judged, not as it is), with ' Lesbian ' bearing the emotional weight the butch does in modern judgment and ' feminist ' becoming the emotional equivalent of the stereotyped fem, the image that can stand the light of day. "

"None of the butch women I was with ever presented themselves to me as men; they did announce themselves as tabooed women who were willing to identify their passion for other women by wearing clothes that symbolised the taking of responsibility. Part of this responsibility was sexual expertise. In the 1950s this courage to feel comfortable with arousing another woman became a political act."

Joan Nestle Heresies *No. 12 1981, Butch-Fem Relationships .*

About the Quimquotes on the next pages

In August we put over a hundred questionnaires in the women's bar of London's Lesbian and Gay Centre asking you about your experience of butch and femme. These were longer versions of questions in the last issue which dykes as far a field as Canada replied to. The feedback was overwhelming and after much passionate argument and painful editing - we wanted to include everything - we present here a representative sample of your responses. If you'd like to see the questions and/or a copy of the full transcript, send £2.50 for photocopying and postage to Quim, BM 2182, London WC1N 3XX.

"She pointed out that in view of our union and of all the years that we had shared a home, what affected her must also affect me and that I would be included in any condemnation. Therefore she placed the decision in my hands and would write or refrain as I should decide . " Una Troubridge on Radclyffe Hall when she asked her if she should publish The Well of Loneliness .

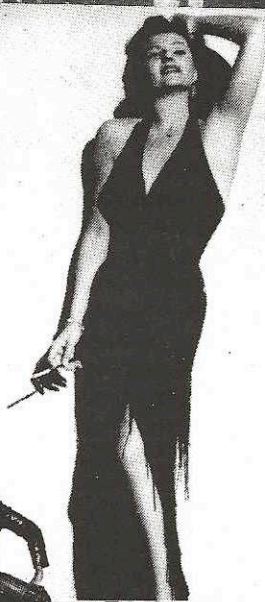
"The feminine type of Lesbian is one who seeks mother love, who enjoys being a recipient of much attention and affection. She is often preoccupied with personal beauty and somewhat narcissistic. She is the clinging vine type who is often thought and spoken of by her elders as a little fool without any realisation of the warped sexuality which is prompting her actions. She is more apt to be bisexual and also apt to respond favourably to treatment ." A pathologist in the 1950s

Photo: Laurence

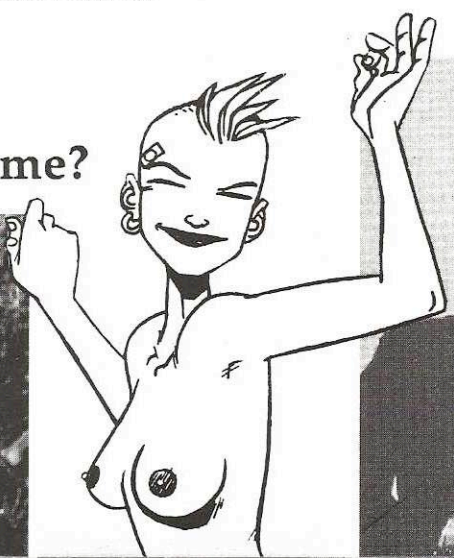
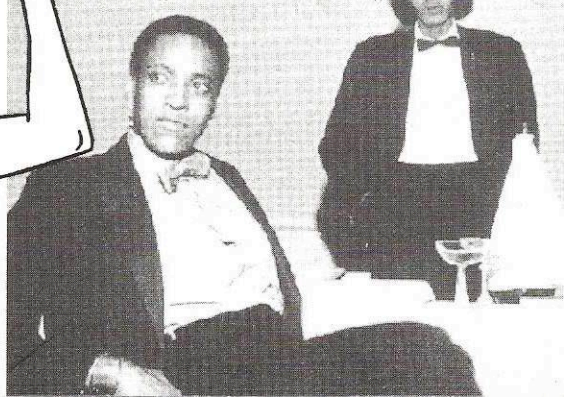
DEFINITIONS? Butches are bad girls and femmes are bad girls' goodies. I regard myself as a wee bit of an in-betweeny, veering slightly towards the butcher side of the coin. I'm always butch but a little more polite when I'm with family. *I'm a super, ultra, radical femme! I also define myself as a stunning lipstick lesbian, camp vamp or glamour queen!!!* I love wearing heels and sexy femmy clothes and lingerie - it makes me feel sexy, hot, desirable and powerful - it gives me power to turn other pretty butches (and femmes) on, and I can make them feel weak. But his is only the first step and once I have entranced the object of my desire, they get active and I can't wait to get them in my bed - where mostly I end up being typically femme and luxuriously spread my legs and let them work on my body to give me pleasure, fun, excitement and things to dream about. I consider myself to be a femme butch because when I'm in a swirly, floaty dress or a leather skirt I always wear DM boots, and when I'm in my black button fly 501's I have a hint of femme. In other words how I feel is reflected by what I wear which in turn affects how I move and act. I have to TRY to look femmy. **I'm femme but sometimes, especially when my girl squeals, very butch.** I'm Boyish! Not butch but not femme. ***It all depends on just how I'm feeling and on what B/F I fancy at the time. Mind you when I'm on my period I'm just all over the place.*** I wouldn't define myself as anything. It doesn't matter what you are because when you're in bed with someone and you care for them a lot, that all goes out the window. I think I look femme but inside I feel butch. *I sit on the fence here because I love to wear big fuck off boots and jeans with a figure hugging dress and a bag of make-up as well.* I would call myself a femmy butch. There is no possible way to get around the fact that I am an extremely feminine female. *Sometimes butch but then it's some kind of travesty. I really have to work on it.* I came out 21 years ago. I had very long beautiful hair and wore boy's clothes. This confused everyone. I was still butch, but sometimes I would get involved with a butch who ended up completely surprised! First when I came out as a lesbian I thought I had to look butch (and in my feelings not as sexy) but since I came out into SM, I've allowed myself to be as femme as I feel like. When I was straight I was sometimes butch, sometimes femme, felt more safe though in butch clothes, more in control of my life. Jokingly my lover calls me a Butch Queer, but I don't put myself down as either really. I was gay long before I'd heard about this 'butch' and 'femme' idea and it seemed real silly when I had. One time my ma spent a lot of money on a lovely frock with matching bonnet - I just ran into the sea wearing it. She gave up in the end and I wore the same as my brothers. ***I've always loved 'girlie' clothes and make up, and when I gave up the Rad/Rev?Les/Fem phase it became more apparent, but I'd been called femmy before and fancied butch women more - tho' I fancied (and still do) femmy women a lot as well. I may play more butch when I'm older (I'm 31) I don't rule it out entirely. Older butches have always seemed to be attracted to me which also gave me some of my self-definition - I like it, I like it!*** I actually think this butch femme business is out-dated. Few lesbians relate to it any more. It's unrealistic - all of us have different patterns and feelings and the lesbian community has come to acknowledge this. Ever since I threw my nail varnish over my elderly auntie's tights in disgust (when I was 4!) I knew that I had a severe aversion to anything remotely feminine. *Butch and femme for me are very interchangeable.* *In the last 5 years I have clearly identified myself as a femme. Before that I saw myself as femmy, but not as 'a femme'. As a teenager I was straight (or tried to be) and dressed very girly. As a lesbian I moved away from that radically. Then over the years I have evolved as a femme on my own terms. It's not to do with how men expect me to be.* I do not class myself as either. Others said I was butch before I thought about it. It was VERY OPPRESSIVE when it was only butch/femme. I didn't fit. Everyone was always telling me what I was and had to be - and how! ***I've always felt more butch than femme but I enjoy the femme side of myself. I don't try to suppress it but sometimes feel pressure from other dykes to suppress my femme side.*** How people perceive me depends so much on context and current fashion. *I've got pretty good muscles for a girl so unless I find another girl with bigger then I reckon, I lean towards the butch.* Everyone thinks I'm femme. I feel my appearance badly reflects me. But it's

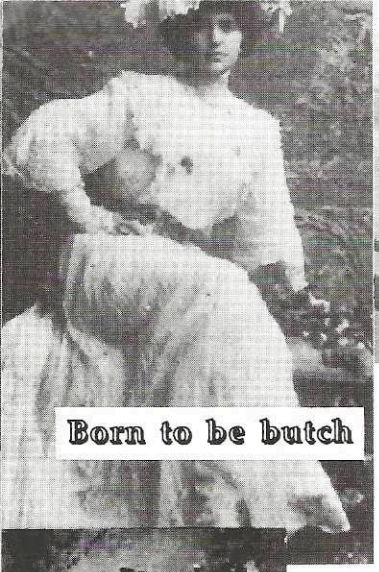
What is this thing

quite fun. I always like butch type women and I thought that two butches couldn't go out with each other. It's very confusing. **CHARACTERISTICS** *Butch is: down to earth, rooted, cool and macho, striding or swaggering.* I have seen butch women in skirts etc and still come across as butch. **Butches are cool and charming instead of flashing their sexy bits around, often slight power problems.** *Butch characteristics tend to derive from gay men so if I'm into butches I must be a queer sort of fag hag eying up boyish asses! Femme characteristics are also another form of drag or female to female transvestism because most femmes maintain a sense of camp irony. They dress ultra-feminine and then comment on that sense of femininity by wearing something that jars - DM or engineer boots with a dress.* Butch girls wear dungarees, boots and work as roofers, whilst femmes are hard to tell from straights. Butch is not crying, being able to take tops off bottles with your teeth, being able to appreciate Gazza 'cause he's a good footballer (even if he is femmy). Being fem means being able to create a drama at any moment, crying if you don't get your own way, having a cutting remark on the tip of your tongue. Butch/femme is irrelevant mostly - we're all women and behave like women. ***What really does my head in is the minority of butches who get dead macho about it and their attitude is one of superior butch/little fem, Somehow in my experience they're always the butches who come across as tops and in bed are bottoms. That I can handle - it's the machismo that makes me puke but they are a minority and once I've sussed them I avoid 'em.*** I think a lot of how we behave is down to dress, ie, I behave more arrogantly (more butch) when wearing my leather jacket I've met some butch women who look femme and vice versa. Although I think I'm a pretty stereotypical butch my girlfriend looks butcher than I do, though she's not! Most butches I know give the appearance of allowing things to come to them with little effort on their part, but in fact they have engineered events. ***Femmes are not more emotional than butches but are more explicit about their emotions.*** *Femme is about how I respond to butches, and how they are with me - as well as a sexual tension, there is also a protectiveness of me as a femme and attention that I love. As a femme I will also look after my butch in a particular way.* ***Butch is the way a person carries themselves. Clothes don't always make a person butch.*** Femmes tend to flirt more. I feel more comfortable wearing butch clothes and on the odd occasion I've worn a dress I become femme in my body language and behaviour and it doesn't feel like the real me. I get turned on by femme women wearing butch clothing. ***There are some butch women who think they are superior to femmes and some femmes who think they're superior to butches - in my opinion they deserve each other!*** *We all know femme-looking women who are assertive and shy butch-looking women. I think the terms lose definition when you start examining individual cases, don't they?* Butch: strong looking, boyish, handsome looking, always wearing men's clothing. *You sometimes see a femme who thinks she's a butch or boyish but if she's wearing the wrong clothes or if the way she speaks, moves or gestures is wrong, then she's not a butch but a femme. I'm definitely a mixture.* It is possible to see a 'butch' woman who might dress in a 'femme' way so it's not just clothes. It's very easy to spot butch lesbians so I think that it's body language. My lover calls me butch, but that is more a reflection on my arrogance and forthright-fullness (or whatever!) than the way I dress. Butch clothes - your dad's underpants, boots. *My identity is very butch all the time, I always act like I'm in control.* I feel more butch, or maybe it's maternal or protective feelings, when with a younger woman. When I am with dykes who disapprove then I usually am as overt as possible about being a femme. To be honest I feel more butch in a mini and DMs than owt else. I feel very vulnerable/insecure in suit, tie etc. *From the flirty femme to the tender mummy, to gallant gentleman, to the butch fuck. Whatever I feel safe with at any given moment and creates a safe space for those around me.* I don't tend to switch around but occasionally I feel more femme when I'm ovulating and just before I start my period. I think at some point I might explore the more femme side of my nature but I'm not ready to yet.



called butch and femme?

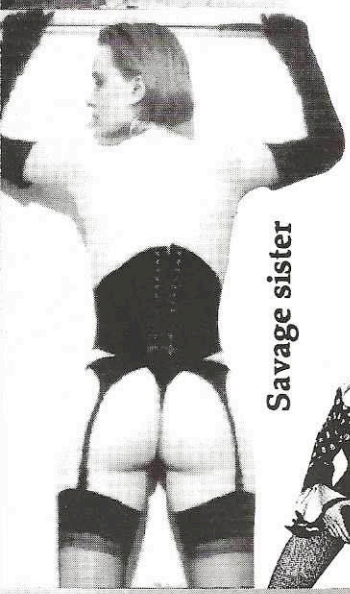





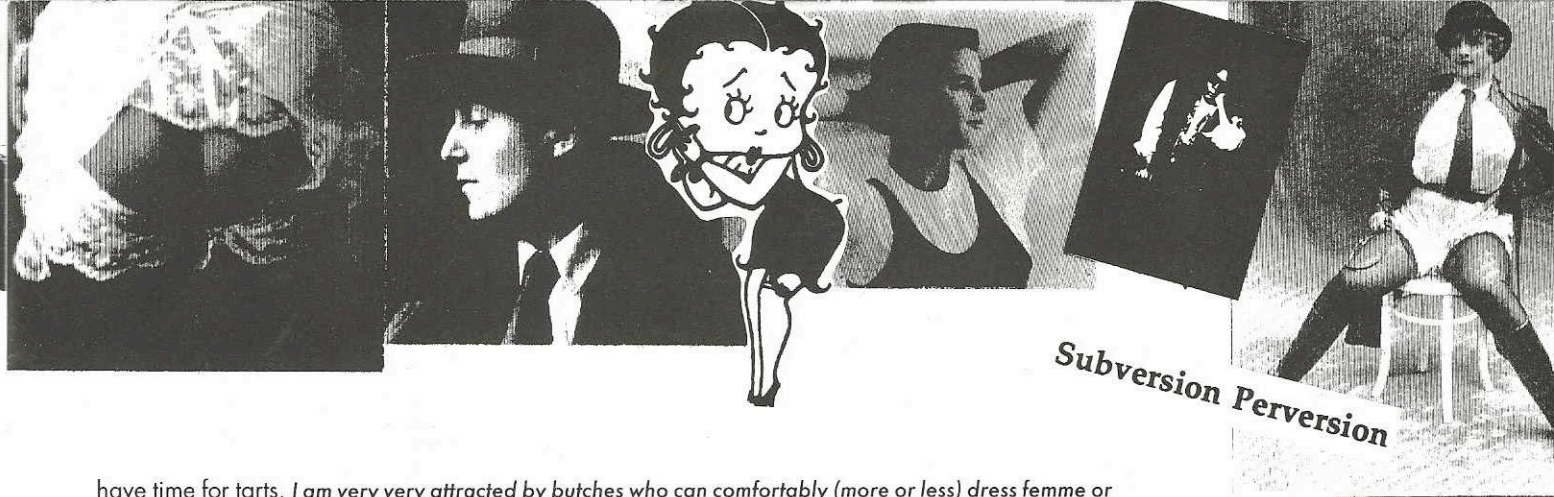
Born to be butch

'I stamped with my feet and threw my new hat on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate'.

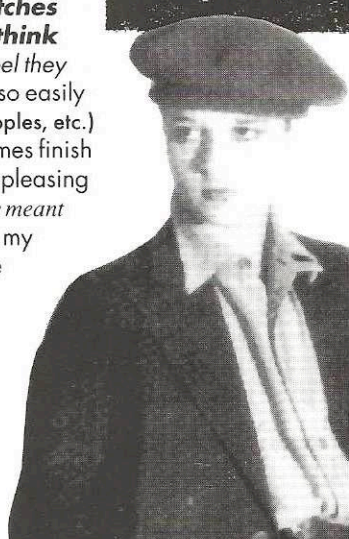
My femme is a tarty, filthy-minded little whore, who does the shopping, buys me flowers, straddles my legs and lays the bathroom floor-tiles. This butch is a real classy gentleman, courtesy Cary Grant, who can dig over a 50ft garden, who does the washing up and ironing, and cries over sunsets. **With Straights** I have lost jobs due to not presenting a 'proper' image. I gave up trying to be an actress because most of the roles offered to me were against my true nature. *Most people identify me as being butch. At work I sometimes have trouble not coming across too agressively which is how a lot of straights see me.* At work - stripping for straight guys - I use the sexual power of being femme to get money out of straights. When straight women look at me and fancy me I like them to realise I'm a woman. I hope it might make them question their sexuality. **On The Street?** It is easier to be femme because I'm more socially acceptable this way. *Butches tend to get derogatory comments thrown at them. Femmes tend to get sexual harassment. I handle it usually with verbal and occasionally physical attack. It's times like that I really wish I had a gun but for that very reason, I don't possess one - I know damn well I'd use it. I think we react to hostility as lesbians, feminists and moreover as WOMEN.* Once I was beat up by a gay man for being 'tough'. When I wear leather and am obviously a butch, the yobs leave me alone and straight women go out of their way to avoid me. ***It's easier to get treated as a human who deserves respect if you're walking around in trousers, boots, big jackets. I'd never hitch in heels - only if I felt very strong. I used to go out looking femmy but punky - having used tampons dangling off my skirt - getting safe by being crazy - men are scared by crazy femmes.*** **Femmes don't get the piss taken out of them by straight men and women.** I think mega butch women 'invite' reaction. *Butch friends often get assumed to be men. The only time I've ever had that someone thought I was a transvestite!* I feel like I've got the best of all worlds. My femininity is comforting to men and acceptable to women and my masculine attitude lets me in as one of the boys and makes women not fear me as lesbian. I'm not scared on the streets though I feel I have to be on my guard as I get 'noticed' (for being a lesbian) quite a lot. Sometimes I think I would be far more incognito if I dressed femme but then I don't feel safe. Sometimes I get off looking really femmy and when men hassle me, thinking 'it's not for you asshole'.I like to walk home late at night by myself and then I am butch in attitude at least. This gets me home safe. *In my experience 'butch' women receive a more hostile reaction. They perhaps see her as mimicking a man - and therefore the male stereotype goes with that, eg, a threat!!* ***I feel very much for butch lesbians because they challenge society not just in terms of sexuality but also in terms of how women should be. They are often targets for hostility and violence.*** *I guess I link feeling aggressive with being butch and I don't know that that's necessarily right. Traditionally aggression and violence are seen as traits of masculinity and I'd like to see women reclaiming these things for themselves.* I'm all for using violence and aggression to beat violence and aggression. I don't think that's a butch or a femme attitude, it's just a reaction of anger towards (heterosexist) men. **Attraction?** The femmes I've been with have always been in control and assertive. I like to top butches who don't usually 'go under'; it's such a challenge and privilege when they eventually submit. *I like to be topped by tough, rough butches who are tender enough to inspire devotion. Femmes are an unknown territory I'd like to explore.* ***I like powerful strong horny femmes, who make you want to lick their boots.*** I like butches that are not rigidly fixed in one role - sometimes I want her to be strong and in control, but I also want her to be able and prepared to express herself and expose her emotional, soft, needy, hungry self to me. I want her to be WITH me because to have sex with someone and to feel alone is terrible. *Sexually I only go for other femmes.* I am attracted to butches. Mostly those who are closet femmes, or strong femme types. I don't

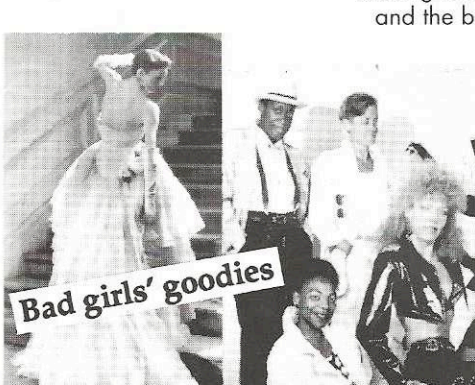


Savage sister



have time for tarts. *I am very very attracted by butches who can comfortably (more or less) dress femme or femmes who have muscles, are strong and have slightly butch behaviour. I'm fascinated with butches who can switch their power roles - can both be dominant and submissive! I'm scared being dominated by a femme, they seem so much more mean (probably see myself).* I'm attracted to James Dean lesbian hermaphrodite look alikes. You know the sort - tough with a hint of vulnerability. Sometimes I'm fascinated by a Lady-in-waiting. Sexually I like to switch if I am with someone whom I am 'in love with'. If I am not 'in love' I tend to be more butch in bed.I like femmes and butches on their backs and open to me. I like demanding butches and coercing femmes to fuck me. *If I can see she has a gentle heart as well as fire then I am really hooked because I love a combination of soft and hard.* I am attracted to people (women) whose energies are in harmony with mine. That way we can meet emotionally and physically. Roles don't come into it. We SHARE. **I like femmes who flirt and tease, are affectionate but tend to be too cocky so need to be taught how to show me respect and worship at my feet.** *I'm butch and go for femmy women 75 per cent of the time these days. Not just femmy clothes but a certain attitude, a distinctive body language, a statement of what she wants sexually. I am captivated by her body, her elegance, her smoothness, her vlunerability and her power to be what I have never been. I love the tension that she arouses in me between being strong and being overawed by her femininity. She scares me and I like that edge. She is my little girl when she wants to be, and on the street she won't take any shit from anyone. She can submit to me when we play and she can argue with me and win.* **Sex?** Don't tell anyone but...I think femme clothes are sexy to wear but as it is not an integral part of my self expression, putting femme gear on is or can be a kind of perversion for me... not that I ever would, mind you. *Every now and then I like being on my back. If on my back for too long I panic, whereas femmes rarely get off their backs (or whatever).* I'm butch but down at Chain Reaction or when I'm cleaning the car I'll put my skirt and heels on and be femme. Butches are into fucking girls, rather shy of their own sexy body; amazing ability to get completely off on somebody else's pleasure. If I'm lovers with a woman who's really into femmes or boyish dykes I dress accordingly. ***Femmes are more obvious about wanting to be fucked. I get bored if I don't get to fuck the butch enough, if she doesn't beg me at times. I'm more confident getting fucked by someone new, then fucking her.*** *Femmes take it, butches give it. I go femme and take it if I'm desperate and frustrated. I think the assumptions are that being butch is synonymous with topping and femmes are usually bottoms. From frustrated experience I know this is not true. Butches and femmes just have different ways of being top and bottom which you have to suss out in order to avoid disappointment* . I should think all people are passive or active to some extent but I'm not sure that has any connection with what clothes one wears. *The power involved in the giving and receiving, and the denial of both, is something I think all women share.* ***Stereotypes exist which say butches do the fucking and femmes get fucked. In my experience this is not true at all, so I don't think it's fixed.*** Butches usually do not smile. Femmes are more flowing in conversation. *I find that 'butches' tend to feel they have to take the lead and feel they haven't 'pleased' unless an orgasm is achieved!* Butch women don't let go so easily in bed. **If one part of a body is touching a part of someone elses body - who's DOING? (Cunts are active too and nipples, etc.)** Femmes tend to be bossier out of bed but more shy between the sheets. Butches can start sexual fantasies. Femmes finish them. *Some butches actually avoid being touched. And I love them for that quality.* I am much more fulfilled by pleasing a woman sexually than by being satisfied myself. I like to be in control. *In the 'olden days' I think that butches were meant to do all the love making. I think that now the boundaries are broken down and it's more equal.* Love a strap on with my suspenders and stockings and heels. Love a cute butch with strap on treating me like a whore. If I want to be taken I might dress femme and seduce them from underneath or if I top I'm either a butch with a firm hand or a 'slutty' assertive femme depending upon the scene or role I'm playing. When I consciously dress very butch, I'm immediatly horny. Sometimes I'll pounce on her, others she on me, and sometimes it's a battle of wills (often involving scarfs...). It changes. *In S/M I'm femme: bottom/submissive/passive/dominant/ top in that order of regularity: in non S/M sex I tend to be more dominant more of the time. (But that's not very often!)* It's good to change around butch/femme in a long term relationship. ***I enjoy being dominant and having power over my lover, especially a strong woman.*** More screams from the femme and harder fucking from the butch. Although the woman playing the femme role can retaliate and the butch gets it back too.



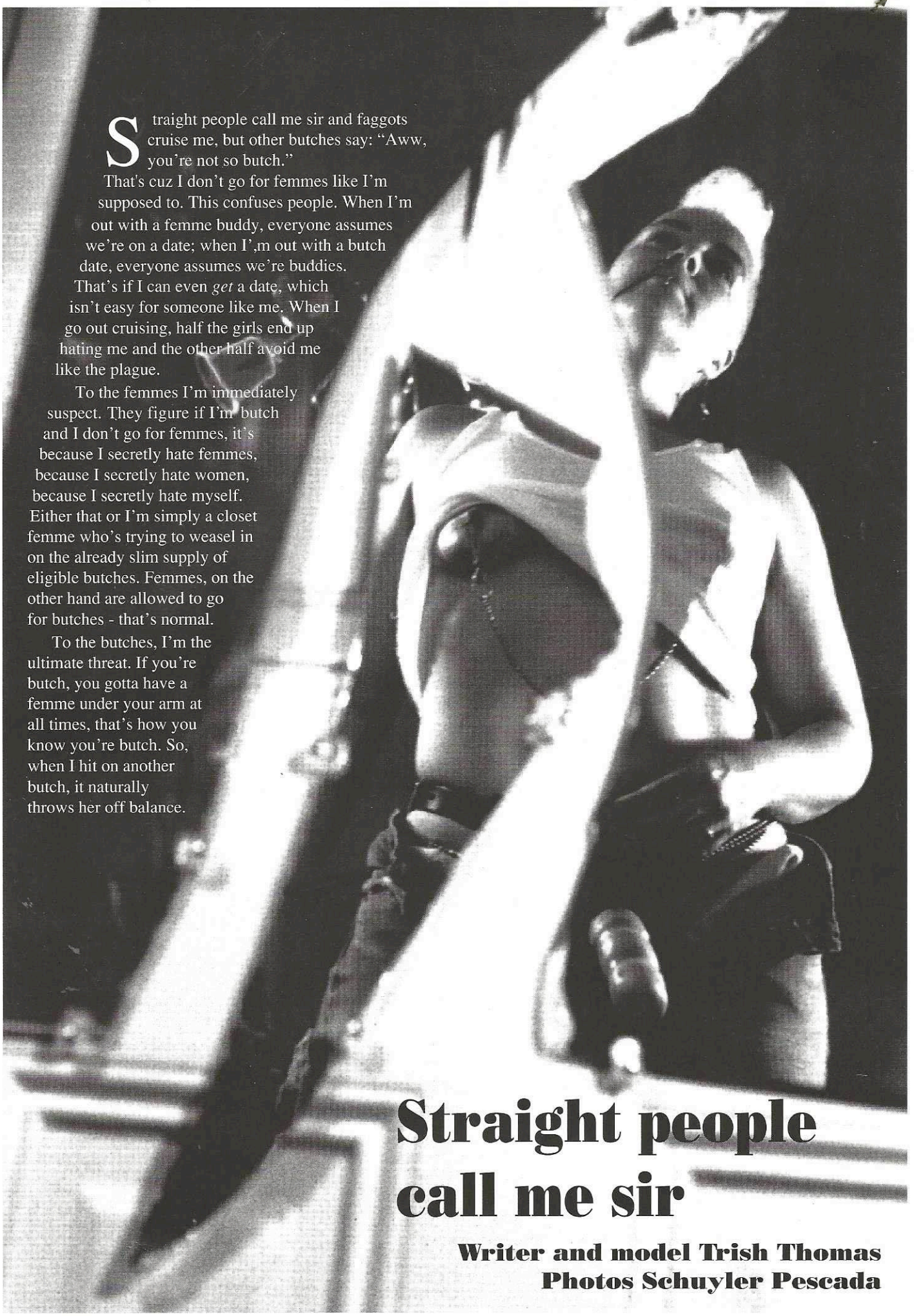


Faith

The Sabbatical is over.
The Faithful
shall be in attendance
at
The New Temple

Every Thursday

Sinners of all Persuasions
Keep The Faith



Straight people call me sir

Writer and model Trish Thomas
Photos Schuyler Pescada

Straight people call me sir and faggots cruise me, but other butches say: "Aww, you're not so butch."

That's cuz I don't go for femmes like I'm supposed to. This confuses people. When I'm out with a femme buddy, everyone assumes we're on a date; when I',m out with a butch date, everyone assumes we're buddies. That's if I can even *get* a date, which isn't easy for someone like me. When I go out cruising, half the girls end up hating me and the other half avoid me like the plague.

To the femmes I'm immediately suspect. They figure if I'm butch and I don't go for femmes, it's because I secretly hate femmes, because I secretly hate women, because I secretly hate myself. Either that or I'm simply a closet femme who's trying to weasel in on the already slim supply of eligible butches. Femmes, on the other hand are allowed to go for butches - that's normal.

To the butches, I'm the ultimate threat. If you're butch, you gotta have a femme under your arm at all times, that's how you know you're butch. So, when I hit on another butch, it naturally throws her off balance.

She wonders if I've mistaken her for femme. (What does she think, I'm femme? - she asks herself.) She becomes concerned that she's throwing off femme vibes without even knowing it. (I'm not femme, she must be femme - she tells herself). And suddenly she gets this overwhelming urge to arm wrestle.

Of course, I always say a real butch can give it up to another butch. But then, I'm a butch who believes in giving it up - not all of us do - and give me a tough butch wearing a black lace bra to give it up to and I'm happier than a pig in shit. I had a woman like that once. I still think about that woman. Thinking about her now as a matter of fact.

Andy, that's her name, she wasn't afraid of being outbutched. She wasn't afraid of anything. She always said exactly what was on her mind and if it didn't fly she'd backtrack, apologise and keep on stepping. She was sure of herself, and she would stick up for you if she liked you. I hadda admire her for that. Especially in this town where loyalty is a four-letter word and backstabbing has become a sacred initiation rite.

I met her at Francine's on Castro Street Fair day (that was the only day to go to Francine's because that was the day every dyke in town went there, not just the redneck regulars.) She was wearing one a those black leather jackets with the fringe on the sleeves, a black t-shirt, skin-tight pants and cowboy boots. A regular rocker girl. When I caught her staring at my ass (I have a nice ass), I decided to stroll over and introduce myself.

"I'm Trish," I said, and stuck out my hand.

She jumped up and shook it (a polite girl).

"Andy," she said. "Can I buy you a beer?" (A polite girl, with a slight southwestern drawl.)

"Sure, Heineken."

The bar was packed and it took a while for the bartender to get to her, which gave me the opportunity to take a good, long look. She was a handsome woman with a strong Cherokee nose, the thickest eyebrows I"d ever see, a compact precise behind, rock-hard thighs, and pretty little calves (her tight pants showed every muscle and curve). She looked like Nicholas Cage only a girl. And she wore her hair slicked back just like he did in *Moonstruck* the night he took Cher to the opera.

When she came back and handed me my beer, I noticed her hands. Nothing femme about them either. They were thick and muscular, hands made for fucking.

"Sorry it took so long." she apologised.

"That's alright, I'm in no hurry - you?"

"I got nothing but time," she said as she grinned and sat down next to me, stretching out her legs on the low table in front of us. She proceeded to entertain me with her Oklahoma charm for the rest of the afternoon.

As evening approached. Francine's began to empty out and I was ready to leave myself. Andy offered me a ride home on the back of her bike and naturally I accepted. I spent the entire ride to my house plotting and schemeing about all the things we were gonna do when we got there, but when I asked her to come in she said she couldn't. (A polite girl, with a slight southwestern drawl, who was faithful to her girlfriend, great.)

I didn't see her again for a long time.

I always say a real butch can give it up to another butch. But then, I'm a butch who believes in giving it up

It's just like home. I'm from Chicago and about the only thing I miss from there is the summers. Hot and muggy during the day and at night, after the sun goes down, it's still warm enough to sit out on the front stoop with just a t-shirt on. I can tell it's gonna be one a those nights tonight.

It's been in the 90s all week long, crazy weather for San Francisco, and I've been so horny I could fuck a doorknob. The heat gets me this way. Never before has the train ride to and from work seemed so exciting and full of possibility. All week long I found myself constantly scanning the faces of passengers as they boarded, hoping to find somebody who would do for a quick and dirty fuck. No luck yet. Now that the weekend is here I'm about ready to jump outta my skin.

I take a long hot shower, including a luxurious session with the spray from the showerhead. Still naked, I go out and sit on the deck. I live on the 3rd floor and from here I can see the sun set over the bay while I listen to the mariachis playing down the street.

Tonight's the grand opening of a new dyke club called "Let it get Good to You." It's been advertised as a weekend sex club, with strippers, 24-hour DJs and plenty of dark corners and deep booths for on-the-spot scenes. Bernie's running it, which is cool because her clubs are always the best in town. Trouble is, she always ends up going broke and having to close down. This one outta last though. Apparently, some rich, horny lesbian put up the cash for it, so money's no object. They managed to get the old Trocadero away from the boys and even remodel it. Now all these girls who say they want a women's sex club are gonna have to put their exhibitionism where their mouth is. Including me.

I'm not usually one for packing but tonight there's a reason to. I put on my tightest blue jeans over my strap-on. What else do I wanna wear for this festive occasion? Leather suspenders, cowboy boots, and spurs, definitely. When I get over to the rack where I keep those things, I remember tit clamps too.

I take them down and put them in my pocket. No, on second thought, just for fun, I think I'll wear them under a well-worn tank top that shows my nipples. A black leather motorcycle jacket and I'm set. Instant evening attire for a sultry night in dyke-town.

I put on my headphones and take my dog, Bones, for a run down at the park. On the way back, I stop at the corner store because I need a pack of cigarettes and also because I love to freak out the boy behind the counter when I'm in my gear. He's so busy staring at my nipple, clamped hard and pointing at him, he doesn't even notice the bulge over my pussy. I'm so tickled I smile to myself all the way home.

I feed Bones, take one last look in the mirror (perfect) kiss myself on the lips, and head out. Between the leather bands of my strap-on fitting snugly inside the crack of my ass, the cock ring that holds my dildo pressing against my clit, and my permanent titty hard-on from the nipple clamps - on top of my week-long heat-induced, horny condition - I'm feeling pretty reckless. I decide to walk.

It's a typical Saturday night in the Mission. Everybody's out. I get a lot of attention as I saunter down Harrison to 3rd Street like a proud palomino dyke ready to get ridden. When I'm, about half-way to the club, a pick-up truck with a sound system loud enough to make the street tremble and a flat bed fulla teenage boys rolls by, backs up, and moseys slowly alongside me.

Oh shit. If they think I'm a faggot, I'm fucked. There's definitely more than enough of them to kick my ass. On the other hand, if they recognise that I'm a girl, I might be even worse off. This strap-on that I'm wearing isn't gonna save me from a gang-banging, that's for sure.

No point in panicking. Without picking up my pace or looking over at them, I check myself out, try to see myself the way they see me. I look down at my hands hanging conspicuously empty at my sides. Slowly and deliberately I put both of my hands into my jacket pockets. These boys don't know if I have a knife or even a gun in here. I don't but at least this adds the element of doubt that just might save my ass. If they're paying attention maybe they'll move on to a target that is more clearly vulnerable than I appear to be, unless they're crazy, or really high or just plain stupid.

I look over at 'em. Now what's it gonna be, boys?

"I like that haircut," one of them says.

"And that ass," says another.

"Thank you," I say, smiling at the first boy. (I ignore the rude one.)

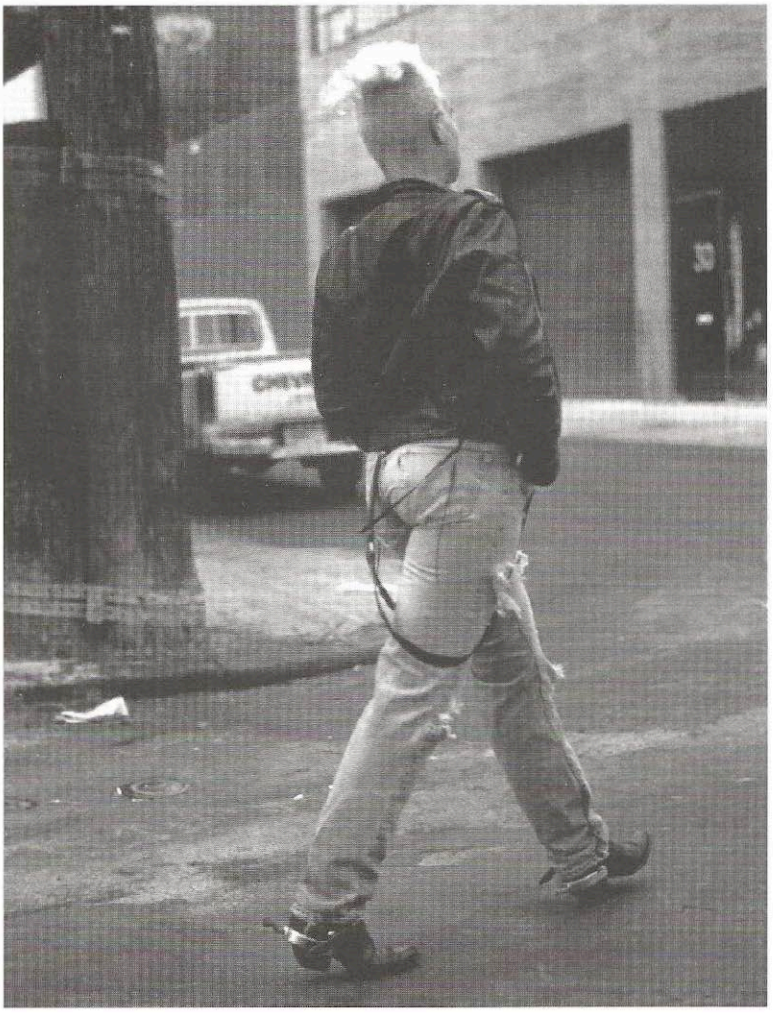
"You need a ride, gorgeous?"

A ride. Funny he should ask. I smile again. I stopped being surprised that straight boys could go for a butch like me when I realised that even the straightest boys have a little bit a the faggot in 'em, some more than others. With me, they can satisfy their fag hunger without really admitting to it. They are kinda cute little thugs. Wonder which one of them would like to get fucked in the ass with this dildo. But not tonight.

"Thank you sweetheart, but I think I'll walk. Maybe next time."

"Alright then, you be cool."

I smile again. I've never been anything but.



When I arrive I make the rounds of the bar. I'm feeling pretty full of myself and I wanna style a bit before I sit down. There's not a queer club in town where I don't feel comfortable and this one is no exception.

It looks good in here. The huge dance floor is still the same, but suspended from the ceiling are a half-dozen steel go-go cages with glass bottoms. My hosts have hired both butches and femmes to dance. A thin strip of blue neon runs at eye-level along the black walls. Other than this there are no lights and the place feels kinda spooky, but exciting.

A huge movie screen hangs across the entire width of the stage. Projected onto the screen are two butch dykes on their hands and knees, one on top of the other. One's wearing a strap-on, the other's getting done. I'm inspired.

Once I've seen everything there is to see on the first floor, and everyone has seen me, I check out the upstairs. The promised booths turn out to be even better, a series of semi-private rooms, each shielded by it's own silver-tinted, look-on-if-you-care-to, mylar curtain. I walk up to one of the rooms, push back the curtain, and step inside for a closer look.

It's bigger than it seemed from the outside and it opens out balcony-style over the dance floor, blocked only by a railing made of two inch plumber's pipe. Against the railing are two chairs with a table in between. There's a double bed with its sheets turned down and its pillows fluffed. There is no ceiling.

A steel-grey cabinet leans against one a the black walls. I go over to the cabinet. The shelves are filled with latex gloves, gold coin condoms, several rolls of saran wrap, three different kinds of lube, and stacks of fresh, white, terry cloth hand towels. Inspection complete, I sit down at the table where I have a bird's-eye-view of the whole place. There's Andy sitting on the edge of the stage. In front of the fucking butches on the screen. Even at this distance, my cunt jumps and I

feel my face turn red. Good thing it's dark in here.

I look away and try to distract myself by watching the dancers, but the more I try not to look at her, the more I feel pulled to her side of the room. I decide to close my eyes and concentrate on the music, but that doesn't work either. Instead, I find myself reminiscing about the way her tight ass and sweet thighs felt between mine the day she gave me a ride home. I wish I could get her off my mind because tonight I need the real thing, not a dry tease from a married woman.

"Wake up."

I open my eyes. It's Andy. She must've smelled me out.

"Hey you." I say, playing it cool, trying not to pee on myself. I wanna grab her but instead I motion for her to sit down at the table with me, which she does.

The waitress comes in to take our order and she is *fine*. She's about 5'5" with broad shoulders and a high round butt. Her tight, black curls are cut into a flat-top with the sides and back shaved down to her scalp. She's wearing a red satin bustier, skin-tight black bike pants, and black and white Air Jordans. A gold ring hangs from the right side of her bottom lip and she is butch to beat the band. Andy doesn't even seem to notice her, I guess she's not into butches the way I am. Between the two of them, I feel like I've died and gone to butch heaven. We both order Calistogas.

Miss Fine is back in a flash with our drinks. I pay for them and tip her an extra $5. She hands me a receipt that says her name is Jems and slips the five into the top of her bustier, flashing me a look that makes me think she'll be back.

"So, you still got a girlfriend?" I ask Andy. (Fuck playing it cool.)

The music is so loud I can't really hear her answer. It sounded like she said "I always break up with my *old* girlfriend the day I kiss somebody *new*," but I can't be sure.

"What'd you say?" I shout.

"I *said* I always break up with my old girlfriend the day I kiss..."

Right again. This is my cue. I stand up and grab the collar of her jacket with both my hands and pull her mouth onto mine. I swear I see stars. her mouth is full and warm and her lips are soft. I rub my lips onto them. I go inside and taste every corner of her mouth and run my tongue over her teeth. I hold her face in my hands and use my lips to gently suck off her tongue. I lick her across the lips. I stop and wait for her to open her eyes. When she does, I push back her jacket and unbutton her shirt.

Awww maan. I can hardly believe my eyes. In front of me are two luscious breasts straining the straps of the sexiest, most delicate, black lace bra I've ever seen. That was the last thing I expected to see underneath the hard edge of this tough bulldaggin' butch. Jesus christ, the combination is almost unbearable. I have to take a deep breath to stay on my feet.

Andy is pleased that *I* am pleased with this unveiling, and now it's her turn to expose something of mine. Without breaking eye contact with me, she unbuttons my levis, drops to her knees, pulls out the dildo and holds it with both hands.

She looks up to get my o.k. and I nod my head yes. She closes her lips around the dildo which, under her tongue, seems to become a part of me, a silicone cock, and she begins to suck. I hold her head and tell her how good her thighs felt between mine that day she gave me a ride home on the back of her bike. Still, no response. But when I tell her I wanna fuck her from behind with the very dildo that's filling her mouth, while she stands with her pants around her ankles and her breasts popping our of her bra for everyone to see, she starts sucking fast and furious.

The thrust of her quickened tempo causes the other end of the cock to hit my swollen clit repeatedly and with such force that I begin to cum. With one hand I grab the cock, with the other hand I hold Andy's head in place. She stops sucking and stands to hold me steady while I finish myself off.

Slowly stroking the cock myself now, I drop my head back while spasms of orgasm course through my butt and thighs. For the second time tonight, I have to take a deep breath to keep from losing my balance. "Unnnnnhhhhhhh..."

When I regain my composure, I reach behind me and open up the cabinet door. First, I grab one of the rubbers, remove the gold wrapping, and slide it onto the cock. Next, I take out a bottle of lube, squeeze a bunch onto my hand, and smear it all over the rubber. Finally, I grab one of the white towels and wipe off my sticky fingers.

Andy's been watching this whole prep show through the haze of smoke from her cigarette. The look on her face tells me she's half apprehensive and half aroused as fuck. It's her move. Have I overestimated her? Did she think the scene I described to her while she sucked me off was just big talk and nothing more - or is she game? Surely she realises I can't stand here greased and primed forever. She's gotta go one way or the other.

As if she's reading my mind, she stands up, smashes out her cigarette. and walks over to the railing. After taking a long look at all of the girls on the dance floor, the dancers in the go-go cages, and the insatiable butches *still* fucking on the movie screen, she takes off her jacket and throws it on the floor. She does the same thing with her shirt.

She spreads her legs far apart. Her pants are baggy and when she unzips them they drop to her ankles, revealing a black satin g-string. Bending at the waist, she leans forward to grab the railing with her thick, muscular hands. From this position, she turns her head and looks back at me as if to say: *Is this what you had in mind?*

And it is. Precisely. So I walk over and stand behind her. Using one hand to pull the g-string to the side and open her up. I hold the cock with the other and position its tip. Just as I'm about to enter her, I feel someone's eyes on me. I turn my head and see our waitress, Jems, standing in the door way waiting.

For a minute, I don't know what to do. I figure I should ask Andy if it's o.k. for this girl to watch, but I can't exactly tap her on the shoulder and say "Uh, excuse me but..." That would definitely fuck up the mood. Chirst. O.K I've got it. I know what I'll do. Still holding the top of the cock up to the opening of her pussy with one hand, I get a hold of Andy's hair with the other and gently pull her head around so she can see our voyeur. Without changing her expression, she nods her approval. Jesus christ, what is *with* this girl? If I were in her shoes, and turned around to see one gorgeous woman watching me about to be fucked by another one, it would send a chill down my spine for sure. But she's so cool...,almost like she expected it.

While she keeps her eyes on the waitress. I push my hips forward, easing the cock deep into her wet cunt. Her arms flex as she pushes against the railing, pressing her ass back into my groin, taking the cock deeper into her pussy. Right away we get a nice groove going. I knew we would. I could tell from the kiss that we were gonna be naturals together. Meanwhile, Jems watches us from her position off to the side with one leg hiked up on the bed and both hands down her pants, working it.

Still pumping the cock into her, I yank Andy's head back and she bucks and sucks her breath in. Jems moans in reply. I try it again and get the same response from both of them. One more time - same thing. Clearly we're on a roll. We continue on like this, the three of us perfectly synchronised, until I feel Andy's legs stiffen and she reaches back to grab my thighs. I stop moving and we stand completely motionless together, then I feel her shudder from head to toe. Seeing this makes Jems cum too. Two butches cumming, what a satisfying sound.

Andy turns around and steps out of her pants. She takes my face in her hands and starts to kiss me, shoving her fingers into my mouth next to her tongue. I feel Jem's cool breath on the back of my beck as she grind her pussy into my ass. Andy drops to her knees and removes the old rubber from the cock while Jems tugs gently on the chain hanging from the clamps on my nipples.Andy pulls a leather mitt that's covered with needle-sharp studs out of her pocket. She puts it on her hand and starts running it up and down my legs.

Alla these sensations are making me dizzy. My knees buckle underneath me and Jems catches me under my arms to break my fall. Andy grabs my ankles and they carry me the short distance to the bed and lay me down on my back. Jems walks around to the foot of the bed. Andy undresses her while I lay watching. Off comes the Air Jordans and socks. Next she slides the bike pants down over her bodacious butt and thighs. Finally she unhooks the bustier and Jems stands naked in front of me.

Andy moves around to the head of the bed and positions herself on her knees underneath me so that my head rests smack on top of her pussy. Jems steps onto the bed and sits down, straddling my thighs. Andy hands Jems a bottle of lube and a clean rubber, which she quickly slips over the cock that's still strapped onto my hips. Jems greases the cock up and down jack-off style while Andy lifts up my t-shirt and slowly loosens the screws of the nipple clamps that I've been wearing all night.

"Oooooonnff...shiiit," *that* hurts. I think I black out for a minute because the next thing I know Jems is easing her cunt down on the cock and the tit clamps are hanging from *her* nipples. Andy lifts my arms up over my head and pins me down at the wrists while Jems fucks herself on top of me. Her wet ass slaps against my thighs. Her breasts slap against her own ribs. She leans over me, bracing herself with her hands on my shoulders. Her face is directly over mine. Her nipples graze my chest. She finally cums, moaning into my mouth and collapsing down on top of me.

Andy lifts my arms up over my head and pins me down at the wrists while Jems fucks herself on top of me.

Andy lets go of my hands and I pull Jems closer, pressing my hands into the small of her back. Andy strokes her face and hair. When her breathing is back to normal, Jems pulls herself together and sits up on my lap.

"Now it's your turn," she says to me as she gracefully dismounts, unbuckles the harness and pulls it off.

I'm laying there, waiting for her to spread my legs and fuck me to death - *god know I'm ready* - but instead she gets off the bed and starts picking up her clothes from the floor. Still wearing my nipple clamps, she walks out of the room.

"Where...wait...Heeyyyyy! Where the fuck do you think...?"

Before I can finish, I hear the snap of latex gloves and look back at Andy who's lubing up her hands. Without saying a word she spreads my legs and kneels between them. Instinctively, my hands fly to my clit as she begins to push her fist into my pussy. *Fuck it, I'll buy some new ones.*

Sometime the next day I wake up to the smell of hot coffee. I open my eyes and lean over the bed. Next to the pot of coffee are two cups and an envelope with my name on it. I open it up and look inside. Weird. I look over at Andy for an explanation, but she's still passed out from last night. I look back at the contents of the envelope. This is too weird. I turn the envelope over again and sure as shit there's my name, plain as day - *but how did my nipple clamps get in here?* Jems was the last one wearing them, but I never told her my name. Maybe the note will explain what's going on. I pull it out and read it.

'Trish,' it says, "she's all yours now. Jems'

No wonder she wasn't surprised to see Jems standing in the doorway.

"Aww man," I say out loud, "these bitches had the whole thing planned!"

I look over at Andy again and she opens her eyes half-way and grins.

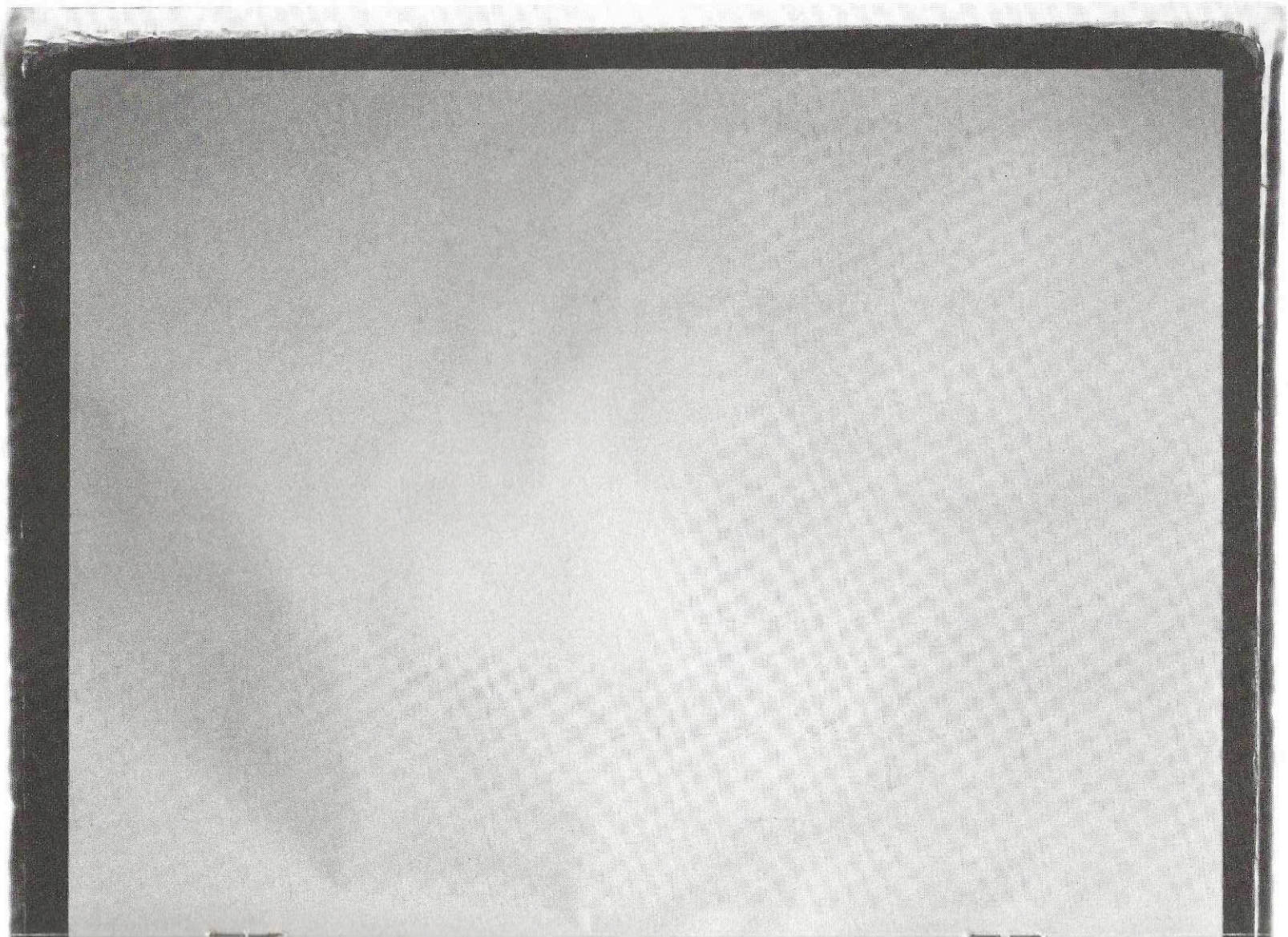
"Umm hmm."

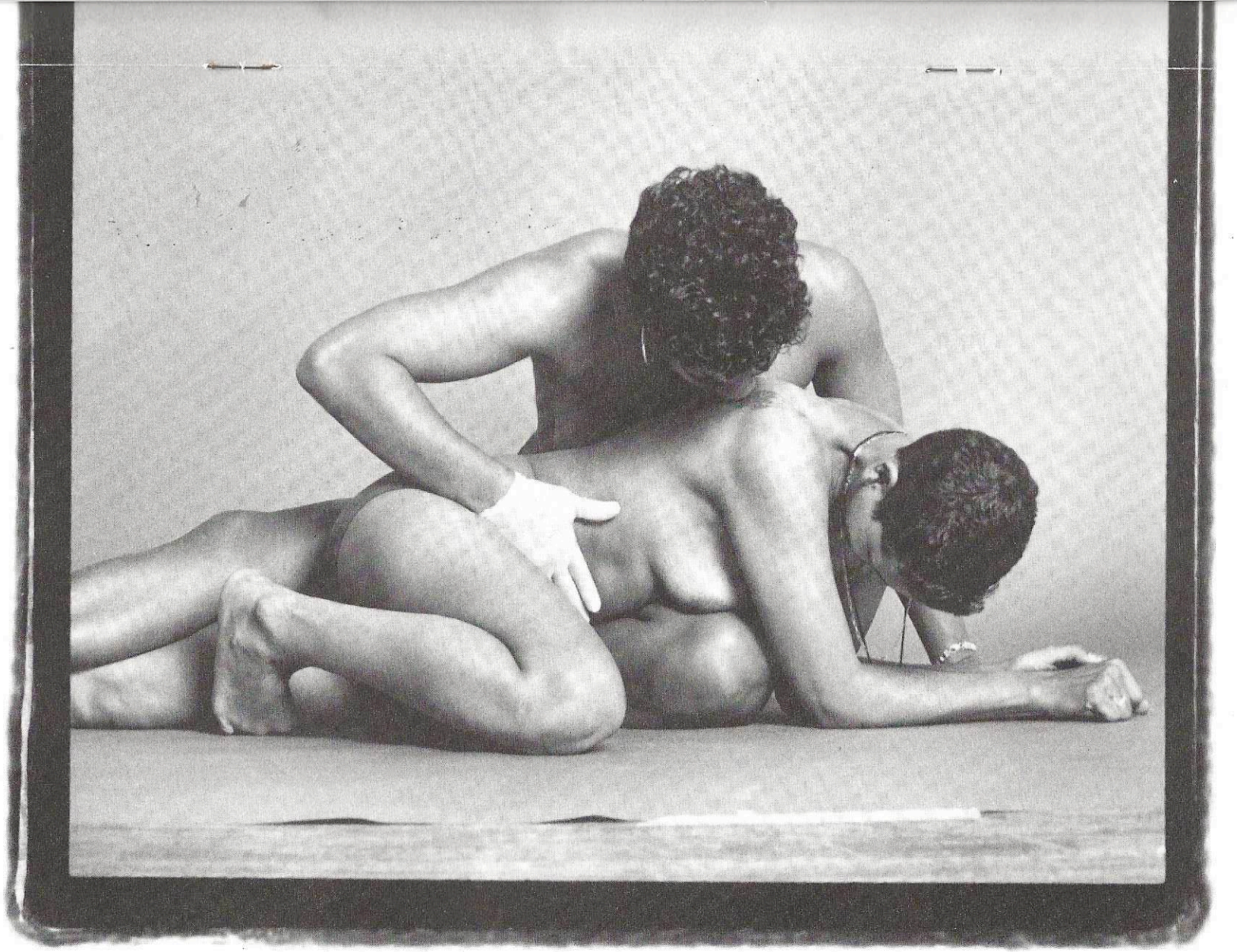
"You think you're pretty slick, don't you?"

"Know it."

I reach over and grab her and pull her on top of me. I yank her head back and bite the shit outta her neck.

This girl is as cocky as I am. This is gonna be fun.





Photograph Jessica Tanzer

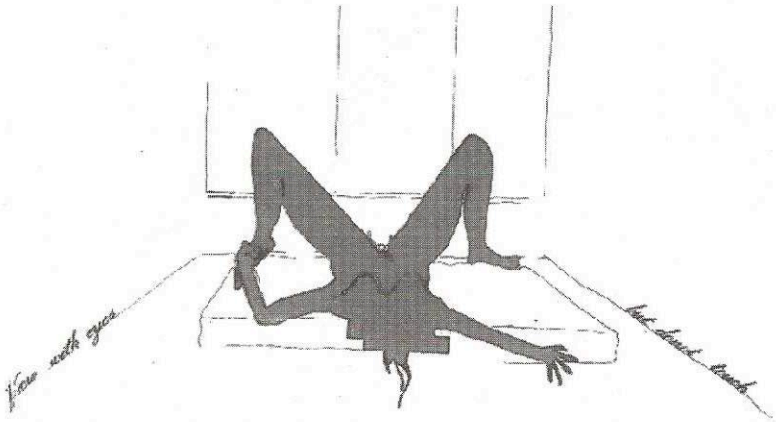
lesbian sexual imagery

ART

One day we counted up all the talented dykes we know of, working in all mediums, who have been prevented from pursuing or showing their work because it doesn't fit with some fixed idea of what lesbians are - and we ran out of fingers and toes and were still counting. These are gifted women who have to tackle an obstacle course of criticism and even condemnation before they can get what they do out to the audience they're trying to reach. Why? Because those in control of the venues, art schools, publishers and book-shops - often while carrying radical banners - run scared of their so-called controversial content. In a lot of cases this should read sexual content. Maybe it makes them personally nervous. Perhaps they're worried that hets will get a less than squeaky clean impression of us. Sometimes they want to avoid 'offending' other lesbians. On the next pages we present four visual artists who have run the course.

WHITEWASHED

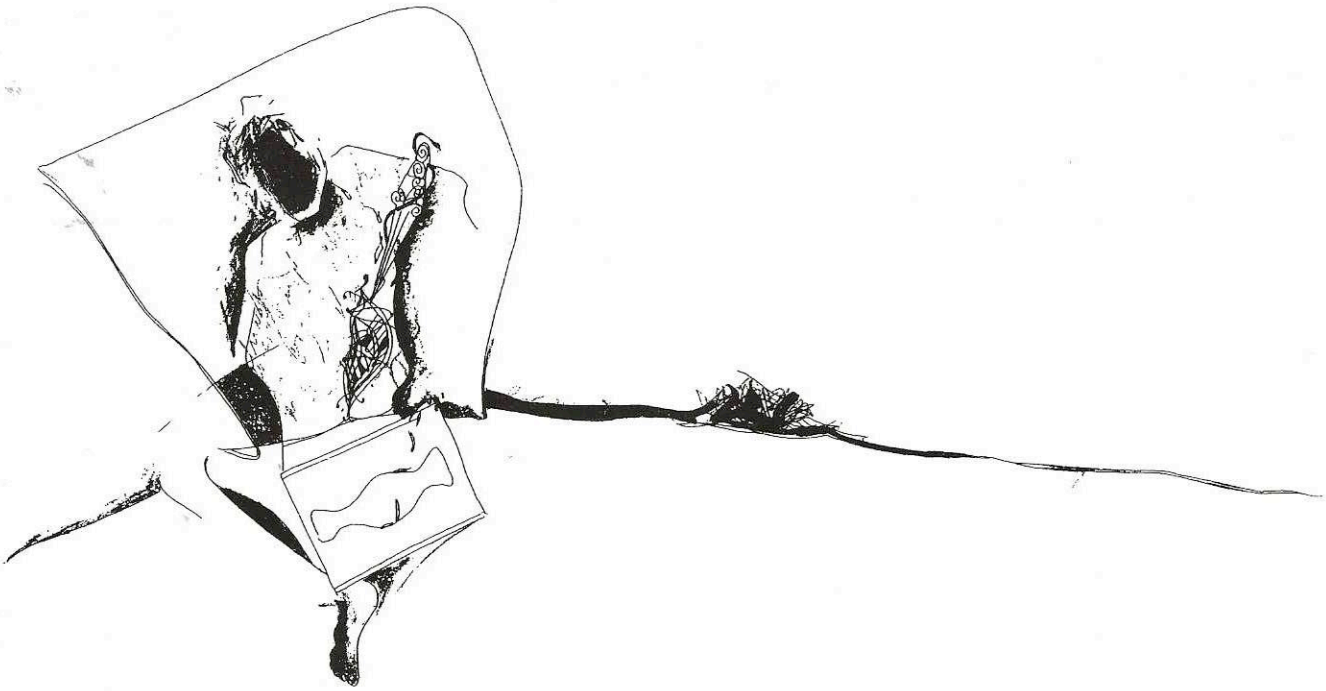
So, what is the 'lesbian aesthetic'? Is there such a thing? Can you recognise a lesbian touch? Do we really have the opportunity to explore the idea? Are artists expected to create for a community or are they free to express themselves? Why is art created by lesbians which deals with sexuality often categorised as pornography? Why can lesbians often not deal with imagery of women as sexual beings without being considered by so much of our own community as 'male-identified'? Are we forced into a debate on porn before we even have a chance to create art? Is this the great divide in the lesbian community, the question of what is the lesbian aesthetic? Why are some expressions of lesbian sexuality acceptable but only within lesbian spaces? Should we stop straights and men seeing our imagery? Must we claim as one all the varied styles and behaviours that run amongst us? How do we create a space where women can express themselves however they like? When are we strong enough to be critical of our sisters without being accused of betrayal? Finally, is the 'lesbian aesthetic' in the creation of the art or is it in the way that it is viewed?



Bernie Ryan

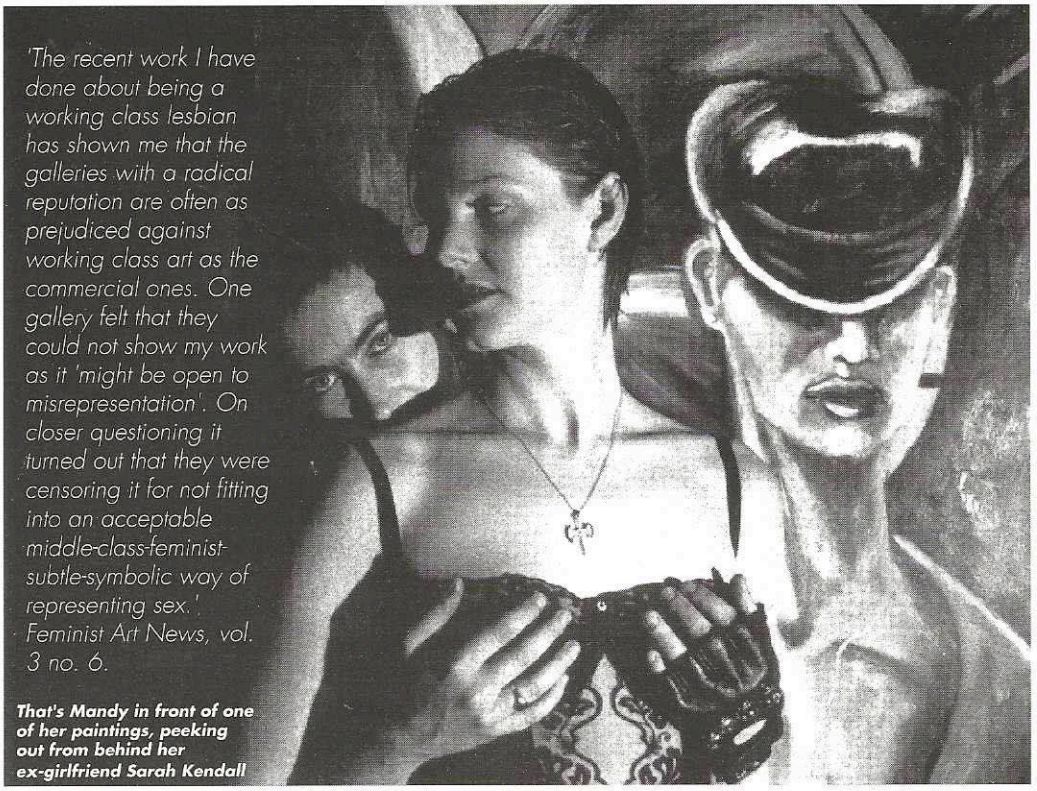
At the moment, my work is first and foremost for me a diary of how I feel. A visual expression of my spontaneous feelings of frustration, depression, anger and desire. It is also a channel through which I can celebrate and expose the positive side of loving another women explicitly without feeling shame or denying myself. I do my work without conscious thought or consideration of the final image. The images I end up with are simply the result of my own self exploration and experience. I think that's what it is all about. When I put it down on paper, as an image, I can sort my feelings out, truly express what I find difficult to say. I'm now starting to get more control over what I'm trying to say - but really I shouldn't have to give a toss, whatever comes out, comes out! At college last year a lesbian art lecturer looked at my work and could only see my images as 'titillating a male response'! I was really pissed off and angry at her lack of insight. As if an image of an exposed woman was limited to stimulating male response! What was even more infuriating was the fact that my images are centred around me, a woman, a lesbian, and have nothing to do with male response. I couldn't understand her whole attitude. As a lesbian, why did she view my work in such a limited way? The system which is supposedly helping me to progress and expand my work is actually restricting me. In order to grow it appears I'll have to ignore such restricting viewpoints. I have not consciously confronted feminist issues or even understand them completely. But I seem to find myself being censored by feminist opinion. My images are developments of my emotions on paper, so I feel I should have the freedom to express them as I wish. Vaginal images - I have shown being stitched up with a needle and cotton - are symbolic of feelings I have which I am in fear of expressing in case they are categorised as pornographic. Which they are not. I hope not to be restricted this way in the future.

Bernie's self portrait



Mandy McCartin

'The recent work I have done about being a working class lesbian has shown me that the galleries with a radical reputation are often as prejudiced against working class art as the commercial ones. One gallery felt that they could not show my work as it 'might be open to misrepresentation'. On closer questioning it turned out that they were censoring it for not fitting into an acceptable middle-class-feminist-subtle-symbolic way of representing sex.' Feminist Art News, vol. 3 no. 6.

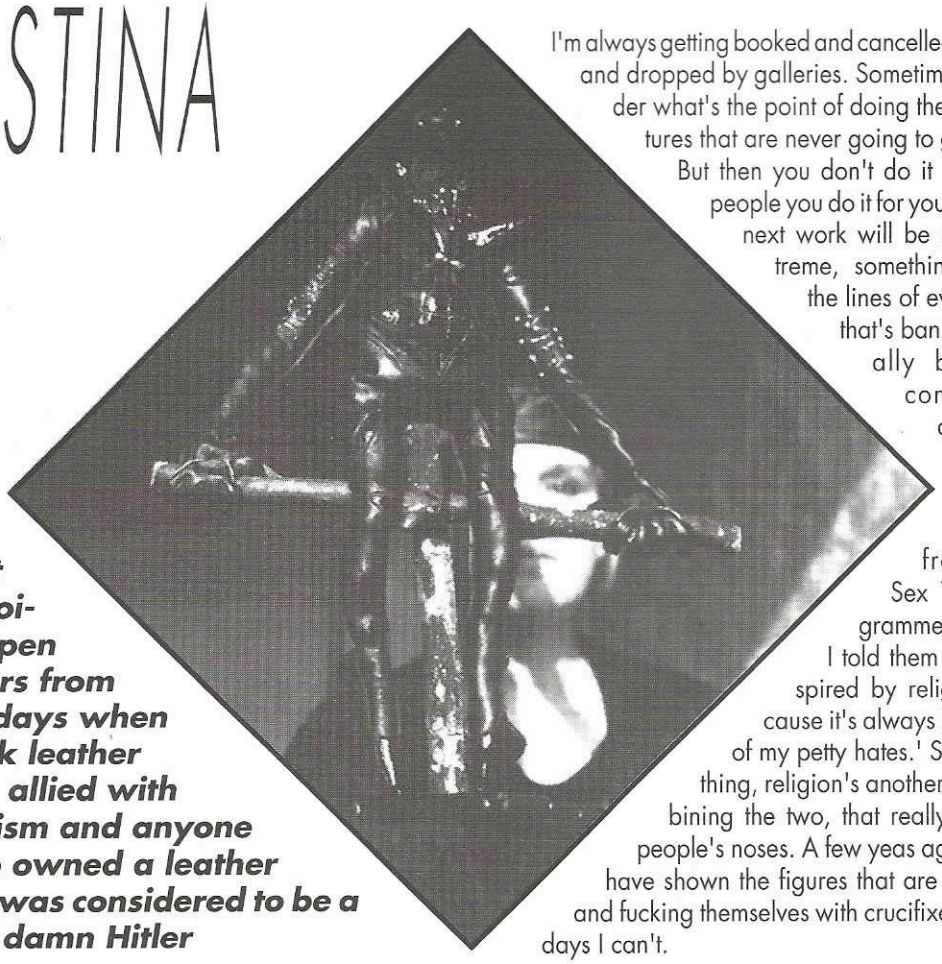


That's Mandy in front of one of her paintings, peeking out from behind her ex-girlfriend Sarah Kendall

Photo: Annie Bungeroth

'The issue I'm dealing with at the moment, more than sex, is class. I'm painting as a working-class dyke and the way I see dyke life is urban and quite sleazy and gritty. Other lesbian artist work tends to be symbolic. Lesbian and feminist galleries don't want to show my stuff because it doesn't fit into their ideas of what it should be and straight galleries don't want to show it either so I've had trouble getting anyone to show my work. Basically, I could do with a patron - but where are the rich, older dykes? Trouble is, the rich ones seem to be more closeted, so they're not exactly going to hang erotic lesbian art on their walls, are they?...' Gay Times, August '91.

CHRISTINA BERRY



I have a lot of poison pen letters from the days when black leather was allied with fascism and anyone who owned a leather belt was considered to be a god damn Hitler

I'm always getting booked and cancelled, picked and dropped by galleries. Sometimes I wonder what's the point of doing these sculptures that are never going to get seen. But then you don't do it for other people you do it for yourself. My next work will be more extreme, something along the lines of everything that's banned sexually between consenting adults.

I was dropped from the Sex Talk programme because I told them I was inspired by religion 'because it's always been one of my petty hates.' Sex is one thing, religion's another but combining the two, that really gets up people's noses. A few yeas ago I could have shown the figures that are impailed and fucking themselves with crucifixes, nowadays I can't.

Photo: Jennie Mackay

vida russell

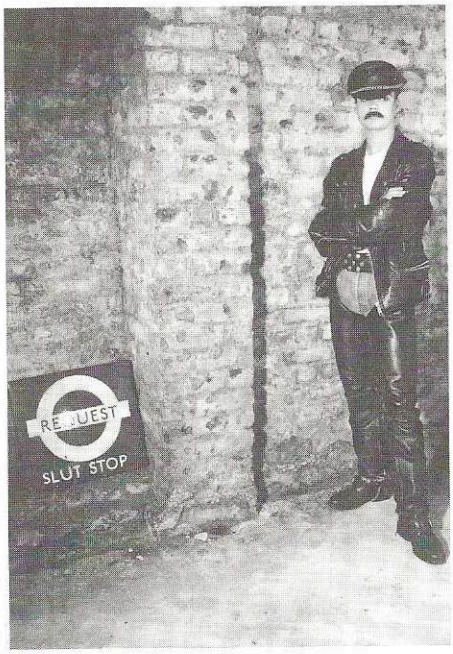
Photo: Sarah Booker

My work is, I think, quite simple, niave but also bold. It is what you see, hiding nothing. I paint to communicate, reflect my experience, express myself. I do not censor myself, I choose an audience to communicate with that allows this freedom. My work can change considerably - according to the audience and/or whether I want to sell it or whether I'm not bothered either way. I like working within specific restrictions set by others - colours, size, subject matter - it becomes a collaboration, something that involves more than one person. Art, I believe, happens when it is received. I paint to communicate - with lesbians I suppose - this is my immediate community at the moment, although I find this restricting. My work is often sexual and involves images of women, fucking sometimes. I would like to communicate to a wider audience without censoring myself although I know this is impossible. Someone who doesn't have a lesbian experience might not be able to relate to the subject matter of my work. Maybe they can appreciate it visually, but it is a strong statement and they probably wouldn't want that around. At a recent interview my work was being discussed and one guy was comparing my work to Indian erotic art saying how Indian erotic art was erotic in the way it was painted, the sensitivity. But my work, he said, seemed almost pornographic...I wasn't too sure what made him say that, whether it was the 'way' - ie; not sensitive, ie; not erotic, ie; pornographic - I had painted it or whether it was the fact that I had painted two women fucking each other. Maybe he just couldn't relate to it and had to dismiss it as pornographic. I always seem to be shocked for some reason when people find my work offensive because it comes from a very innocent part of me, it's an emotional response. I made a painting recently for an exhibition with the Hackney Womens Artist Group. It was decided by one member of the group - who also controlled the exhibition space - that my painting would possibly 'offend the Muslim Asians, old age pensioners and children' who also use this space. This pissed me off as these people weren't even given the chance to say what their response was. I like critism. I don't like to be ignored or censored. This woman suggested that maybe my work would be best shown in an Art Gallery and not a community center. Does a piece of work (that is obviously found offensive) suddenly become something else when placed in an Art Gallery? Looked at by an elite who can then intellectualise about it? When is a sexual piece of work pornographic, when is it erotic? Is it to do with the way its painted or the subject matter. Is erotic a middle-class word for pornographic? Is it not in the eye of the beholder?

Photo: Annie Bungeroth

Photo: Jennie Mackay

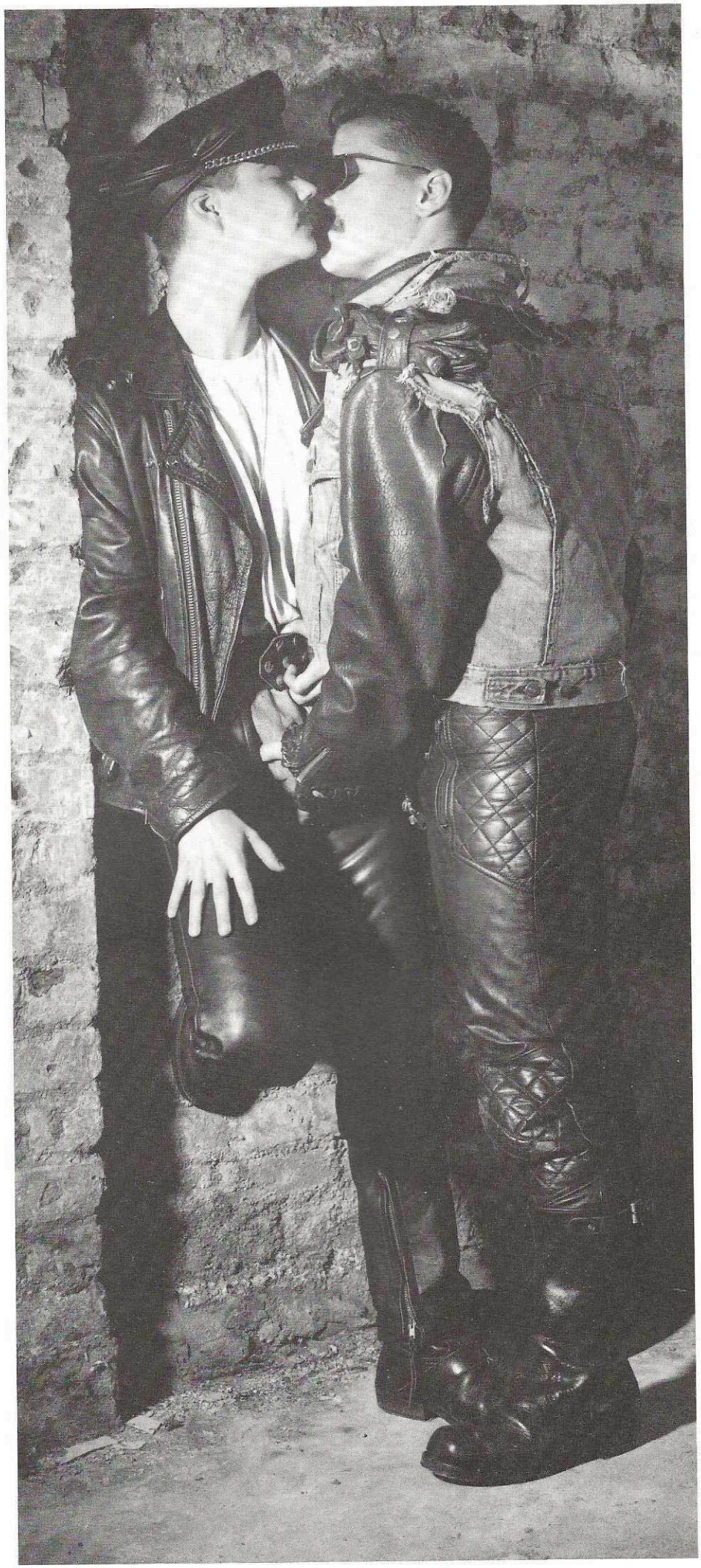
By reducing the work of art to its content and then interpreting that, one tames the work of art. Interpretation makes art manageable, comfortable.
Susan Sontag

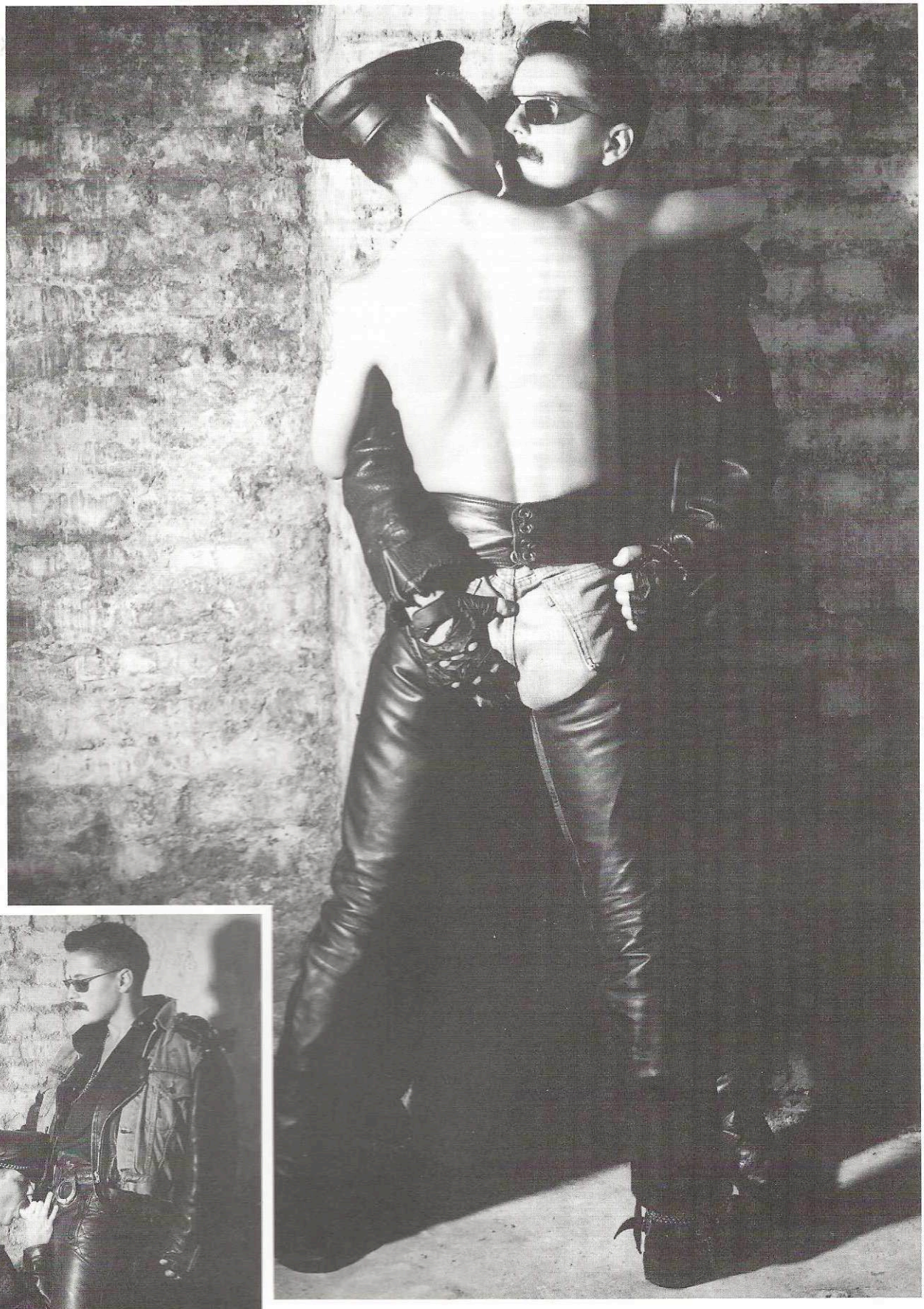


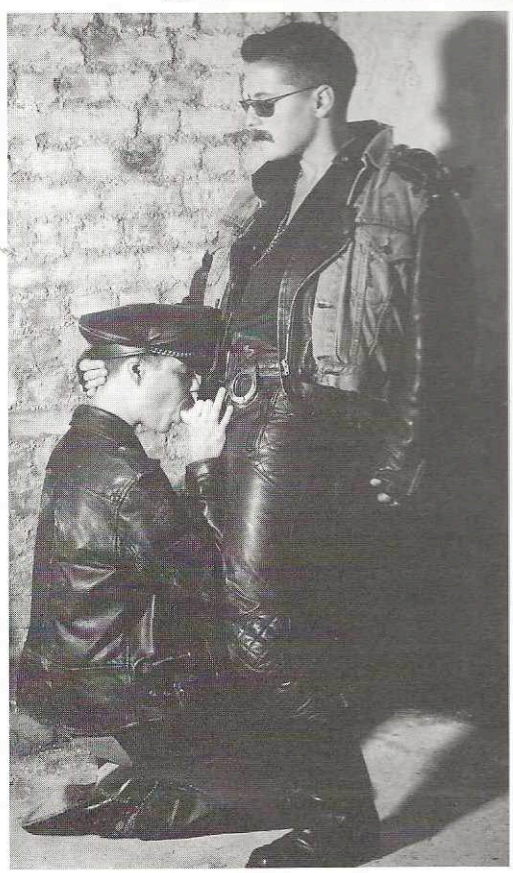
Daddy Boy Dykes

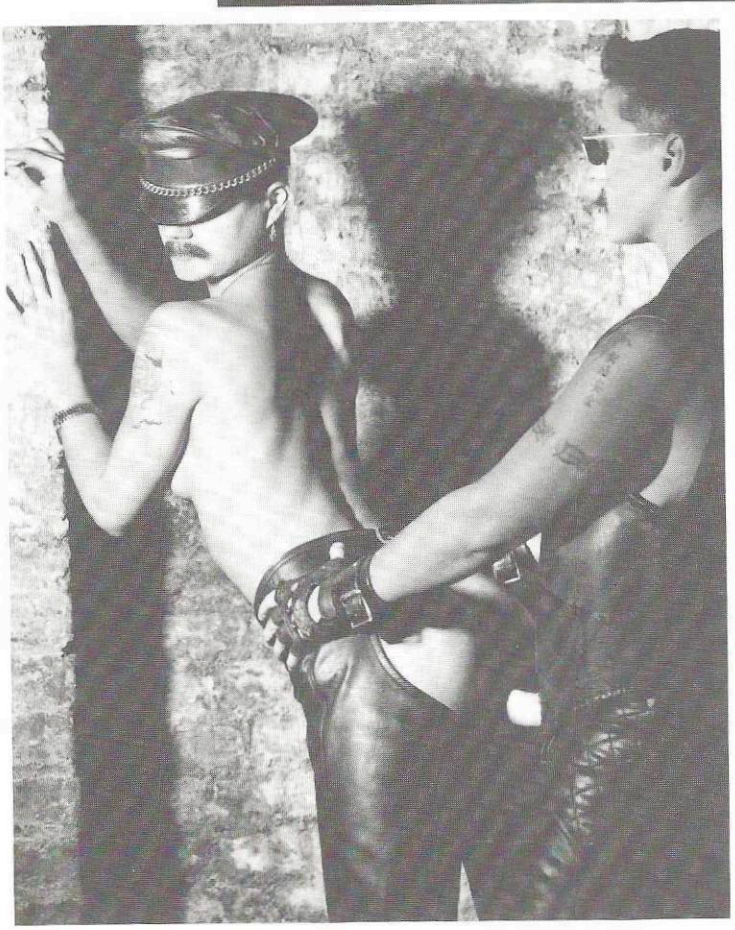
Photographs
Della Grace

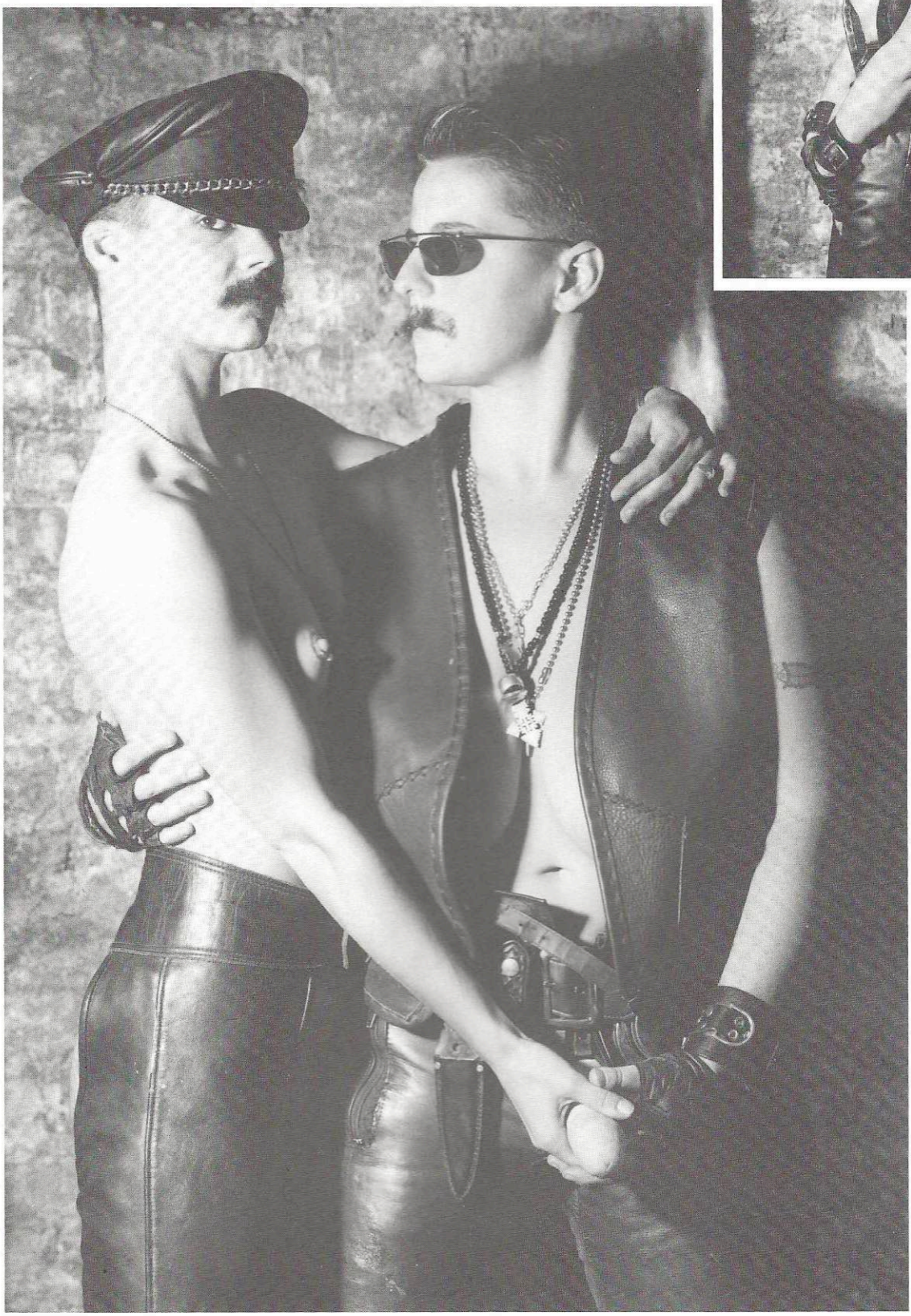
Models
Skeeter
& Aphra











Dykes & dicks

My favourite toy is my strap-on because I love it when she gives me head. I love to thrust my whole body into her. I love all the different positions we get into. I just love it.

When I put on a strap on I feel male, I feel my dick as real otherwise I can't use it well. Only when I visualise it inside her cunt can I make it work and I have 'male' type orgasms from pushing into her and pumping my body. I feel like I'm ejaculating when I come.

The dildo may seem like a neon sign to you, but in actuality is not that noticeable, and most people don't cruise crotches anyway. The only person who's apt to notice would be exactly the person you want to attract.'
Ask Fanny, On Our Backs Nov/Dec. 90.

'Some of us are faggots, some are bitches with dicks, some are boys who love to get fucked or fuck their femme tops...Some of us like to do EVERYTHING.'
Readers letter from *On Our Backs*, May/June 91.

Remember no dildo comes with butch or femme instructions.
Ask Fanny,
On Our Backs, July/Aug 90

Photo: Jill Posener

Toy

Aphrodite

Aphrodite, a mail order toys enterprise, are expected to be up and running by March 1992. They want to focus on UK produced merchandise to avoid the expense and delays of US importation, problems encountered by the now demised Thrilling Bits. Aphrodite want to hear from anyone producing toys and associated accoutrements. (Producers and potential customers can send letters c/o Quim) The catalogue due out in January 1992 will be in two parts. One for vibrators and dildoes and another servicing the bondage girlz. Aphrodite intend to run workshops in or around Manchester, also in March, for exploratory fun and games with their wares. Scene Out magazine is probably the best place for postings about exactly when and where these will be. (Assuming this wonderful mag hasn't been squashed by the Squad, as in Obscene Publications, for putting out a banned safer sex poster from Germany...but that's another story. *See Reviews*)

Steer clear of...

London based Zipper's £20 rubber harness, a flimsy piece of number two that we've been told collapsed at a most inopportune moment. It may stand the stresses and strains of the boys it's designed for but obviously isn't robust enough for the rigourous but not unrealistic requirements of the woman who brought this dud to our attention. Polite requests for a replacement were dismissed out of hand. Tut tut and slapped wrists for the Zipper boys. While we're on the subject...it's not unheard of for dykes perusing and purchasing in gay men owned sex shops to get a frosty reception. It's just not welcoming to see an assistant's face hit the floor when we walk in the door and manners cost nothing afterall. Either managers search out particularly grumpy, unhelpful staff to man their establishments or misogyny is raising it's ugly head over the counter. Which is it we wonder? Answers on a postcard please.

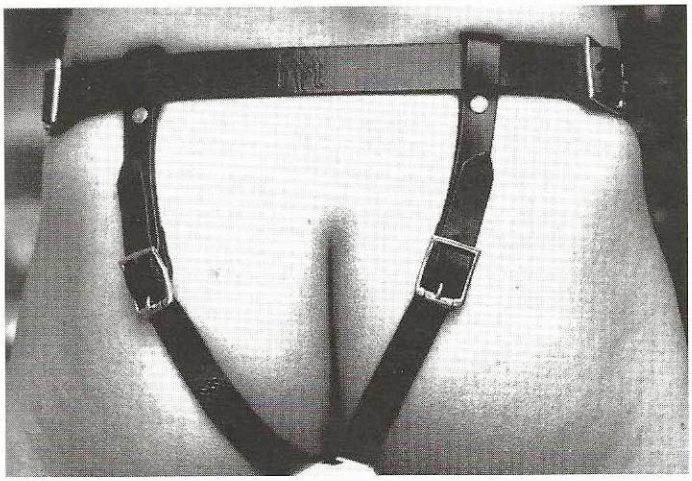
A mini-poll revealed that for service with a smile, Expectations (in London) is your best bet

Belt up

A cottage industry of sex toy manufacturing is springing up in little workshops around the country. Hooray we say. Among the crafters and grafters is Suzie who under the name Belt Up & Buckle Off produces finely finished leather harnesses (pix), belts, harnesses, restraints and wicked, ouchy looking crops guaranteed to sting as they swing. They'll customise the designs to suit size and tastes. A London show room (sounds flash don't it) is in the offing but meanwhile you can reach Belt Up & Buckle Off on 071 622 9391.

&

Buckle off



Photos: Sara Booker

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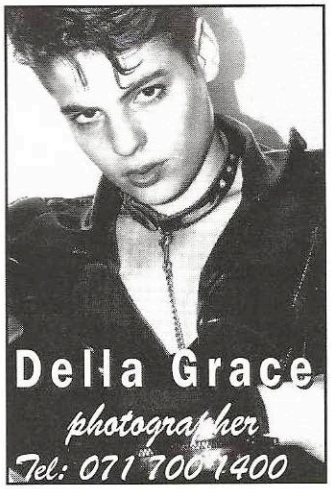

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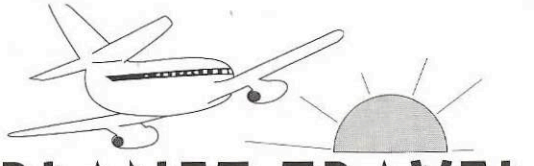

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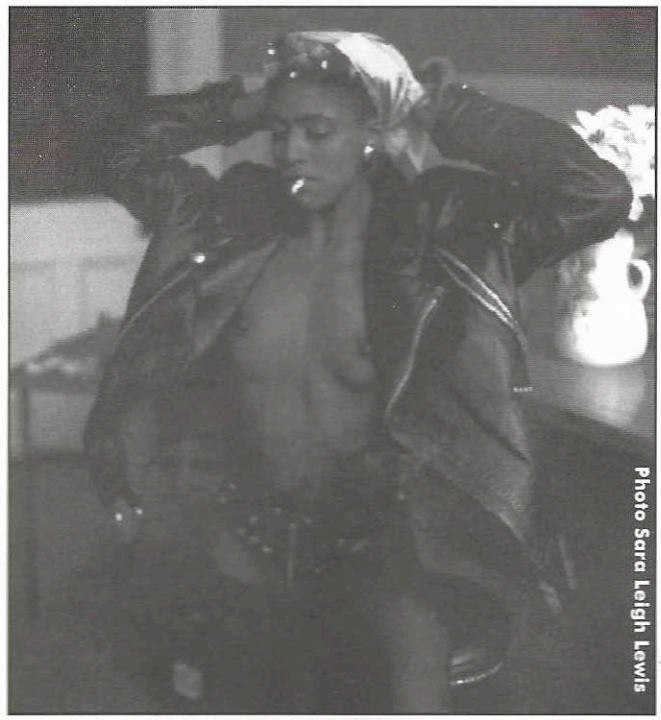
Leonora hammers it home

Leonora Rogers-Wright is a singer,writer, dancer and traveller. Flinty Liddell asked her one question about power, switched the tape on and let it roll. An hour later...

Sex and power

"When I was younger I went through a phase of abusing the power I had. First of all I felt I was powerless and used to walk along the streets and bow my head in the manner of a victim for quite some time. Then I discovered I was powerful but only on certain levels. I decided to use that power in a sexual way against men. I was a one woman war. I used to wander around the red light district getting into people's cars and abusing them physically and verbally. Much to their shock telling them 'keep the money, it's alright'. I put my life at great risk and I had to be quite insane to do it, otherwise I would have been terrified and wouldn't have been able to do it. After I was doing it for a year or so I realised that to have the power, you know just the simple power of walking around the streets alone at night, which I would never have done two years before that, was an amazing feeling of power. Being a woman, being by yourself, five foot nothing with hardly any clothes gave me an incredible sense of power. Like those Reclaim the Night marches. I really felt like that. I used to march down the street feeling 'this is mine'. I'd intimidate men sexually. Although I wouldn't do it now 'cause I just can't be bothered and I think it's quite nasty to do, at the time I enjoyed it. It helped me with other areas of my life. It also helped me to understand that the reason why men use that kind of power against women is because it's a very, very strong centre of power and to be able to wield it and get away with it tastes sweet. I'm sure you could get quite addicted to it. It makes you realise that if you can use that power you can use other power. I'm sure there are a lot of men walking around the streets intimidating women because they are struggling with that use of power. Sexual power is the quickest to get to. When you desire someone from one side of the room it'll get you to the other side of the room . We can use our sexual power in clubs and on the stage or if we're working in a sex club, but that's the only time we're allowed to use it. It isn't ever seen as power.



I've had a lot of trouble with this picture - 'Fag Ash Lil Gets The Horn' (above). Some people wanted to use it as a poster of a powerful black woman performer. The organisers wouldn't allow it because they said 'No, she's got a leather jacket on. She looks like an s&m dyke. I said Well I've got a head scarf on too, do I look like a cleaner?' They wouldn't use it.

Formative years

A vibrator came into my hands when I was about nine. It was bright pink, my mother had it. I had a whale of a time. I'd be in bed reading this book called "The Happy Hooker" by Xaviera Hollander. She used to have sex with alsatians, things like this, which I thought was very strange. At the time I was living over a sex club, which was quite wild, let's put it that way. So I'd read this book and I'd imagine all the things I was gonna do. I always thought I'd get money though. I always thought that sex meant money. So I used to have fantasies about being the best whore and going out...but I think it was the money that excited me.

Girl/boy, boy/girl

Once my sister told me I would develop a penis when I was fourteen and turn into a boy. She based this terrible realisation on the shape of my labia which she said were too long. She showed me hers and she had this sweet little rose-button-mouth shape, and I had this sprawling gate. When I was looking at it I thought, yeah, she's right. She explained to me how these bits were going to puff up and turn into balls, and my clitoris was going to come down and turn into a penis. So when I was fourteen I kept examining myself. I think she was trying to frighten me. She always assumed I was a boy. She just felt I was more masculine. I think people use the term masculine to define girls they can't fit into the girly-girly mode. They say we're like a boy 'cause there's nothing else to be like. I have the same with my son - a lot of people think he's a girl. The only reason they think he's a girl because he doesn't punch them every time they walk in the door and he's pretty. They were like that with me only to them I was a boy.

Power dressing

Wearing a leather jacket has a feeling about it that wearing a denim jacket doesn't have. I call it getting tooled up. There's a lot of difference between walking down the street in cowboy boots and walking down the street in a pair of espadrilles. Just in the sound of my step. And if I put on DMs I'll feel more like that. My stride will change if I've got a pair of sturdy boots on. I'm much less likely to be intimidated, feel intimidated, be approached for intimidation, than if I've got on a pair of high heels or soft shoes. If I've got on a short skirt or a long skirt that's going to flap around my legs and stop me from running if I need to take flight, I'm not going to feel as liberated as if I've got a pair of trousers on. So that's going to give me a feeling of more power as in personal power. If I've got a leather jacket on I'm protected. I can sleep anywhere. It's also the weight of it, wearing that weight makes me stand differently. It gives me an air of nonchalance because my jacket is heavy so I have to walk slower! If I'm walking down the road in a leather jacket, the space around me is more powerful than if I'm mincing down the road in a long skirt and soft jacket. That's just the way it is. That's why armies wear uniforms and soldiers wear grey coats. It's all part of the same thing. It's like night clubs. If you listen to some of the music we dance to, it's basically killing music, music to kill to, music to march to, heavy music. And it's the same with heavy clothing. It is part of the power. Clothes, also, that women weren't allowed to wear if they were going to be NICE! Women who aren't into s&mism and aren't sadists or masochists on a political, spiritual, emotional or mental level actually like the clothes because they make them feel strong. And that's not just because they're heavy but because they are associated with strength, and are usually worn by men. So on that level it is power dressing. But I don't think people who necessarily wear those clothes are linking themselves ideologically with fascism - it could be seen like that. "

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Ever since we saw Holly Hughes' one woman show World Without End and her sexy,sinister and funny Dress suits for Hire (played by Split Britches) about two sisters/lovers/friends wrestling with shadows, Rita Hayworth and each other, we've wanted to meet this wierd woman. When we heard she was doing WWE down the road (Oval House, South London) how could we resist. We were on the 36 bus before you could blink.

Quim *What did you play with as a kid?*

Holly Plastic horse figurines. I only played with one doll. Usually I took my dolls and smashed their heads on the cement patio, because they were so irritating. I had one doll I liked because you could get her legs apart. I remember being fascinated with the positions I could get her legs in. It was good because she could go horse back riding more easily.

Quim *Who were your playmates*

Holly There was a girl with long blonde hair who I had a real big crush on and I was always trying to get her to let me give her a hair style. I chopped off her hair with toe nail clippers and managed to give her one of the first punk hair cuts in Michigan. I was kind of a bully among my friends. I was always trying to get them to play my games which were always related to horses. I was the Stallion and would herd them around. They usually wanted to play nurse for the boys who were playing Nazis next door. But I always convinced them to play horses.

On the Holly H

Quim *What was your favourite fairy tale?*

Holly I remember this one where the girl is orphaned really early and she gets this evil step mother, of course. As an act of kindness her nanny cuts off her dead mother's head. The girl carries the head around in her bag and it speaks to her in times of trouble. I thought that was kinda charming. Sweet! I usually identified with the boys or the monsters 'cause the girls were often falling asleep for long periods of time. Otherwise they were evil. I was more interested in horse books. I would project myself as the girl/boy among the horses or a horse.

Quim *When were you first aware of desire and who or what was it awakened by.*

Holly I remember being turned on by Lois Lane in the old Superman movies and noticing that she had a set of knockers and very early on developing a major breast fetish. It never occurred to me that I would have them or that my mother had them. I really liked trashy fake Grecian movies with these naked, sweaty people and women with off the shoulder togas. I remember getting wet one morning watching that. Then I had a crush on my cousin, Barbara. That was the first signs that I would grow up into a femme. She was slightly butcher than I was. She could play baseball. She was a bit of a tomboy. We would dress up as boys and play around. I stole some money from my mother when I was ten years old to send her roses. My parents oddly didn't comment on this budding sapphistry or the thievery.

Quim *What's your most sexy, non sexual experience.*

Holly Sleeping with my cat when I was eight years old. That was my first sensual experience. I came to the breakfast table talking about how great the cat felt against my skin and you'd of thought I was talking about kidnapping the girl scout troup and cutting them up. There was just completely speechless horror. I used to fantasise about communion a lot, I thought that was really sexy. I love to eat. Any good meal is a great sexual experience.

Quim *What music captures the mood of your writing?*

Holly I like really trashy music from the sixties. I like Tom Jones. I'm always trying to get Phranc to record some Tom Jones. I'd love to see her come out singing 'She's a lady' or 'What's new pussy cat'. She puts on shows for me in the privacy of our own home but I haven't got her to develop it as a lounge act. I also thought she should cover some early Neil Diamond songs. I have abominable taste in music. When I think of my work I think of really bad 50s and 60s movie theme music. When I was growing up my favourite was Petula Clarke. I loved her. I thought she was just the greatest.

Quim *What happened to Petula*

Holly I think her stomach disappeared. Something catastrophic. Where are you Petula, my heroine. Kinda scarey but...

Quim *If you were a colour what would you be?*

Holly I saw something at the Sock Shop that summed up my aura. It was pink and red polka dots.

couch with Hughes

Quim *What's in your bag?*

Holly Tampons, lipstick (Lambrusco coloured, kind of a mistake!) A completely worthless guide to Great Britain. A book about standing stones that weighs about as much as one, so I actually get to have the experience of carrying around part of Stonehenge on my shoulder. I have a couple of pictures of my girlfriend, some cough drops, Annie Sprinkle's programme for her show 'Sluts and Godesses' which I'm wondering if I'll get hassle for at Heathrow, and hopefully my plane ticket.

Quim *What made you laugh most recently?*

Holly There was a woman on the Burning the Flag (Censorship debate in Newcastle last October) panel who was a criminologist and she was ranting and raving about s/m and de Sade books. She was worried that her eight year old daughter was going to read them. And I was laughing 'cause I was thinking what? an eight year old reading them, is she some kind of genius? She was also saying that she'd made herself physically ill reading s/m literature and then as soon as she got out of the hospital she went back and read some more. I just thought, you must be a masochist. That was hilarious!

Quim *What are you most shocked by?*

Holly Mostly people's pathetic critiques and the hysteria around representation. I'm shocked by their stupidity and erotiphobia. Also I get embarrassed that I'm so affected by movies that are really violent against women. My girlfriend says she can't take me to anything but Disney movies. I don't know if I'm shocked but I can't tell myself it's only a movie and I get scared. I'm a chicken. I'm still shocked by people who believe that images of women, produced by women are sexist and that men are going to co-opt them so therefore we shouldn't put them out. It plays into this notion of men as these uncontrollable beasts. I talk to lesbians who'll be disturbed by work that happens outside of a specificially lesbian context and will then complain about lesbian invisibility. You can't have it both ways gals.

Quim *What's the best unexpected thing that ever happened to you?*

Holly Meeting my girlfriend.

Quim *Phranc.*

Holly Yes.

Quim *How did you meet?*

Holly She came to see a show of mine and she probably wouldn't have come if I wasn't getting all this attention in the States because of all the censorship debates. I should write Senator Jesse Helms a thank you note. [Helms is a queer hating, sex hating, bigot in the US.]

Quim *If you had Jesse Helms in 1984's room 101, what would be his phobia and how would you scare him?*

Holly My first impulse which is maybe not the most sophisticated is to sit on his face while I have my period. He has an obsession with sexual imagery, specifically gay and lesbian which I think comes from his deeply repressed sense that he's gay. Being forced to watch a movie of himself taking it up the arse would probably do him in. It's both his worst fear and his greatest fantasy.

Quim *What was the worst thing that has happened that you didn't expect?*

Holly I think it was after I went through all these attacks by the religious right and the United States congress for being a lesbian, then getting bashed by lesbians for not being the right kind of lesbian.When I was attacking the right my lesbian credentials were perfectly in order but because my work has sex in it and men, lesbians were telling me I wasn't really gay. That was really painful. I felt like I was fighting the same battles in the lesbian and art worlds that I was fighting in Congress.

Quim *Stuck between a rock and a hard place.*

Holly Really.

Quim *What were the Congress attacks?*

Holly A grant from the National Endowment for the Arts [equivalent to the Arts Council] was vetoed by the chairman who'd never actually seen any of my work.He said, 'Holly Hughes is a lesbian and her work is quite heavily of that genre'. I've heard it called a sin and a perversion before but never a genre. The worst aspect of it was that my grant application started getting leaked to the press who took bits of it out of context. I had to defend myself from people who'd never seen my work. I'm a political artist, I wanted to be provocative but I had this big media circus attacking me and the show I do here where I talk about sticking my hand up my vagina. I talk about it I don't do it, I mean it's so tame. I was called a lesbian child pornographer.

Quim *What or who do you consult for spiritual guidance?*

Holly I actually pray to some higher power. But I'm really irregular about it. I've never got into goddess rituals but I'm interested in them. I do it in times of emergency or in preparation for work. It's really important to establish a connection with our spiritual lives. The people I know who are most centred have some sort of spiritual discipline so I'm working on that stuff. I welcome any suggestions from readers. I think jerking off is a good spiritual practice.

Quim *Who do you get on with?*

Holly People with a sense of humour, who like having a good time and having sex. Women who are putting out sex positive information. I wish when I was a baby dyke I could have picked up *Quim*. When I came out the reluctance to talk about sex was really intimidating.

Quim *We're just skimming the surface though, eh?*

Holly That's right. I think it's interesting that for centuries women's sexuality has been policed by the Church and the state who've herded women into categories of the virgin and the whore. It's interesting how that herding is still part of our psyche and I see a lot of feminists still wanting to do that herding, still wanting to come up with strict, inflexible definitions of what's a good girl and what's a bad girl. I see feminists doing what the Catholic Church are doing. They're still not allowing women to explore their sexuality. I still don't understand how if you look at an image that turns you on, that someone else who isn't even in the same room is feeling constrained by that image existing in the world. We can't find the rooms of our own because we're too worried about what's happening in somebody else's room and making their beds. We're still in some motherhood head. I think a lot of women are completely terrified of their sexuality. I am to some extent. I mean, don't ask me how or why, it's very hard to get rid of the Christian idea that your body is your betrayer that destracts and drags you down, away from the higher impulses of life. Seeing women who have gone farther with their sexuality is sometimes a tremendous threat to other women.

Quim *The mother wants to both take care and take control with her nurturing. You're round her dinner table and you have to like her recipe or go hungry.*

Holly Right.

Quim *What did your mother say when you came out?*

Holly What did we do wrong, blah blah blah. She asked me if I liked boys or girls. At the time I was on the cusp of sexuality and I said I liked both and that was more upsetting to her. She said I couldn't be bisexual and they would pay to have me adjusted one way or the other. She'd remind me of times I'd had crushes on boys and da, da, da, da da. She was continually campaigning for heterosexuality.

Quim *What's your bedroom look like.*

Holly Like the rest of my apartment because it is the rest of my aparment. It would be great to have a separate bedroom. My fantasy bedroom would have a bay window, huge bed with curtains, high ceiling with mouldings, lots of large floor to ceiling windows, probably an Oscar Wilde sort of place, not much in it except the bed. I think there should be a separation between Church and State.

Quim *What was your last dream.*

Holly I dreamt last night I was running for the Senate against this really conservative guy from New York, Alphonse D'Amato. I was trying to give this speech and my skirt kept blowing up and I couldn't see my notes.

Quim *What will you be doing after this interview?*

Holly Probably prowling around for food, cargo loading for the big flood.

Quim *Say the first thing that comes into your head*

Quim *Helms.* ***Holly*** Dead. ***Quim*** *Dental dam.* ***Holly*** Tongue. ***Quim*** *Lesbian.* ***Holly*** Apricot. ***Quim*** *Boots.* ***Holly*** Polish. ***Quim*** *Sisters.* ***Holly*** Skin. ***Quim*** *Family.* ***Holly*** Helms

Holly Am I rehabilitated doc?

Quim A lost cause.

RSI - taking the strain

sophie

What happens to sex when you lose some or all of the strength in your hands? Repetitive Strain injury (RSI) is a painful, psychologically debilitating affliction that's leaving too many dykes I know without the use of their digits. Here's what to look out for - especially if you do a lot of typing - and how to treat it.

RSI is an inflammation of the tendons which often leads to muscle strain and trapped nerves. It's caused by overuse of one set of muscles, usually in the wrists and hands. Sometimes dancers get it but the people who usually fall prey to RSI are violinists, pianists and a great many people, women especially - although doctors don't know why - who type too often and too fast on computer keyboards. The flat computer kind don't exercise as much of the hand as the old sloping typewriter so fewer muscles take all the strain and they don t enjoy it.

The first symptoms are aching wrists and hands and if these are ignored those aches and pains can frequently spread at a rate of knots into the arms, elbows, shoulders and upper back. If it gets to this stage, and it often does with frightening speed, simply carrying a bag, doing the washing up or putting the kettle on can be too agonising to contemplate or downright impossible because the muscles are just too weak to carry the load. Forget the stiff upper lip, it's misery, and the effect on sex is obvious. Those sexy rough and tumbles sort of lose their tension when you can't give as good as you get and it's a foregone conclusion who's gonna go under. Fucking can be painful too. Fear of causing more damage can make both the sufferer and her lover(s) cautious and inhibited so RSI doesn't just strain the hands, it can put a lot of strain on relationships as well. However, friend and fellow sufferer, Barbara, is positive about overcoming the problems: "The point is not so much a total ban on certain things, but a variation and knowing how much you can do before it hurts. A sprinter will pace herself through a race, and so do I to a certain extent."

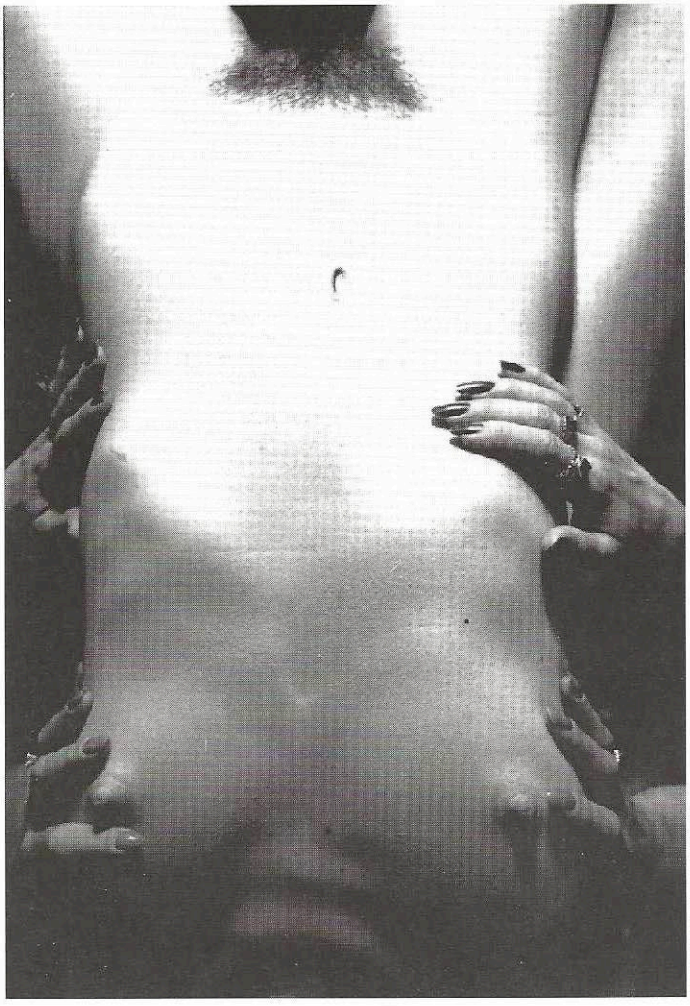

Photo: Phyllis Christopher

Typically, because doctors often don't know how to treat it properly - if at all - they may tell you it's all in your mind. Take no notice. It's true that stress exacerbates it but RSI is primarily a physical problem. I got fed a whole range of nonsense from the medical 'experts'. If they weren't threatening me with plaster casts, operations, and the end of my working life, they were implying I was an hysterical psychosomatic and referring me for therapy. Certainly I was a bit crazy by the time I got into the GP's surgery. I couldn't work, had lost the means to support myself, my sick ben was taking a million years to come through and women with push chairs were looking at me nasty when I couldn't open the door for them in the supermarket. I was scared and the powerlessness and frustration were killing me. I was in acute pain and my lover was miserable 'cause I was miserable. So yes I wanted some answers and I was going to scream and shout 'til I got some. The suggestion that what I needed was my head examining literally added insult to injury. I didn't want a sympathetic ear, I wanted some help to make the pain go away so I could get my life back.

A year after I first realised something was wrong I finally got some. Via my union I got in touch with the RSI Association (see below for their number). From them I got the name of a specialist at St Bartholomews hospital in London and from him a physiotherapist. Within a few weeks of getting laser, ultra sound and heat treatments from the physio, I was on the road to recovery. I'm typing this myself, something I couldn't think of doing a year ago. I still have to be careful. I got an attack recently after painting the kitchen, hauling a washing machine round the room and typing a lot. I was stupid and thought I was completely well. But I know where to go for treatment now and how to look after myself.

As Barbara puts it: "The really important thing is to listen to what you body is saying. Most things are still possible and the things that hurt can be circumvented somehow. I had a tooth out recently that means I can't grind food on one side but I can still grind on the other and I have a healthy appetite".

*The **RSI Association** are at Communicare, Christ Church, Redford Way, Uxbridge, Middlesex. UB8 ISC. Tel. Uxbridge (0895) 38663 between 1prn and 3pm, tuesday, wednesday or friday. They can recommend specialists, support groups, exercises and treatment.*

*Some people have found **acupuncture** to be the answer for them. I got temporary relief but it wasn't the long term solution for me, although it certainly won't do you any harm.*

***Comfrey poultices or balm** can relieve the pain and reduce swelling.*

*If you go to a **physiotherapist** try and find one with laser and ultrasound. If you've caught the RSI in time you may just need rest and the gentle exercises they'll give you. If you have more extreme symptoms, however, you may need the ultrasound to break up the scar tissue on the muscles.*

If you type a lot, don't go above 60 words a minute and take frequent breaks. If your boss complains, get in touch with your union - fuck the job, your health comes first!

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Sex & Drugs

Issy trowler

Breaking your sexual taboos can be really liberating and exciting. Wanting to lessen inhibitions with the help of drugs/alcohol is common, but it's important to realise your perceptions can be drastically altered if using. Be honest about who has most control - you or the drug.

It's the abuse of your body, rather than the use of a particular drug which causes health problems and lowers your resistance to infection so take care of your health. If you're using then make sure you eat properly and get enough rest.

People should be aware, however, that although studies are still inconclusive, it's been suggested that 'poppers' might directly supress the immune system which has important implications for everyone, especially those of us who are HIV+.

Be aware that most drugs/alcohol have the effect of pain relief and therefore heighten your pain threshold. If you trust yourself to give pain safely then this shouldn't be a problem, but it's important to remember that if your receiver is using, she may not be able to detect any damage soon enough to prevent injury.

If someone overdoses or loses consciousness always phone an ambulance. The hospital will not contact the police unless they suspect foul-play or have to break in to get to the patient. So make sure they have access to the building (this does not apply in Scotland) and put the patient in the recovery position.

It doesn't have to be a case of 'just say no', say yes if you want but just stay safe.

The table shows some effects of the more common drugs used. The effects are strongly influenced by the amount taken, the mood your in when using, the surroundings in which they are taken, and the reactions of others. The same person can react differently to the same drug at different times.

The table can only be a rough guide to the user to help them decide what is going to be safe, unsafe, fun or frightening, both health-wise and sex-wise.

Type of drug	Effects
Stimulants *speed* *cocaine* *crack*	Increase in energy, euphoria, feeling of increased strength, mental ability, and confidence, lack of appetite. Excessive use can lead to paranoia, agitation, confusion and headaches. Reports of it being more difficult to come.
Hallucinogens *L.S.D.* *mushrooms*	Very dependent on users' expectations and mood. Can include visual and auditory distortions and hallucinations. Intensity of feelings, mystical experiences, disorientation.
Opiats *herion* *DF118's* *codiene* *morphine*	Comfort, euphoria, emotional detatchment, relief of pain.
Amyl Nitrate *poppers*	Heartbeat quickens, disorientation, dizziness, slowed sense of time. Relaxes anal sphincter, so good for anal penetration. Is known to prolong the sensation of orgasm.
Alcohol	Loss of inhibition can cause a range of emotional reactions from jovial to aggressive. Efficiency of mental and physical functioning is reduced. Can distort vision and create confusion.
Ecstasy	Feeling of serenity, emotional closeness and understanding increase in sensitivity of both touch and hearing. Some reports of hallucination.
Cannabis	Pleasurable state of relaxation, talkativeness, bouts of hilarity, greater appreciation of colour, sound and taste. Can lead to craving for food. Too much of this can lead to becoming the laziest lover in the world!!

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A FISTFUL OF DORIS
BY SPUNKY ©1991 CHUNKY NUTS
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DORIS WAS LONELY AND SO DECIDED TO VENTURE DOWN TO THE LOCAL GAY BAR TO SEE IF SHE COULD FIND A FELLOW, NON-SMOKING, VEGAN, RAINBOW SWEATER-KNITTING AMAZON WOMAN WITH SIMILAR INTERESTS FOR KNITTING, READ-ING, HILL-WALKING, FRIENDSHIP AND MAYBE MORE(?!!) UNFOR-TUNEATELY, ON THE WAY THERE SHE SPOTTED A POSTER ON THE WALL WHICH SET OFF THE SELLOTAPE REACTION SPELL WHICH TRANSFORMED HER INTO A RAVING, S.M.DYKE....
HM! THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A BIT OF HOME SURGERY TO GET A GIRL SQUIRM-ING IN HER BOX-ER SHORTS!!!
CENSORED DENTS
OPEN HEART SURGERY FETISH NIGHT ALSO HYSTERECTOMY CABARET
AFTER 8 PINTS AND A COUPLE OF SLAMMERS, SHE DECIDED TO MAKE HER MOVE...
HEY DOLL MY NAMES DORIS! HOW D'YU FANCY A SHAG? EH? HIC!
PLEEEDUH!!!
CRASH
OH! WHAT A FRIGHT! HETHEYYER ARIGHT? EH? WHERE D'YA LIVE? MY NAMES SAL... SAL FATE! WE COULD GO TO MY HOUSE IF YOU LIKE - I'VE GOT SOME WHIZ AND BEER. WHAT D'YA THINK?
POP!
CHEW!
CHEW!
SAL WAS A SPEED FREAK!
LATER AT SALS FLAT....
OH YOH! THE ROOM IS SPINNING! I'M GOING TO BE.....
WHIRL
PUSH
DORIS HAD TO MAKE A DASH FOR THE TOILET!
HOOO

NAM

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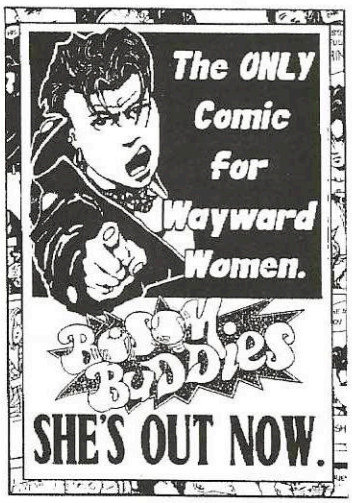

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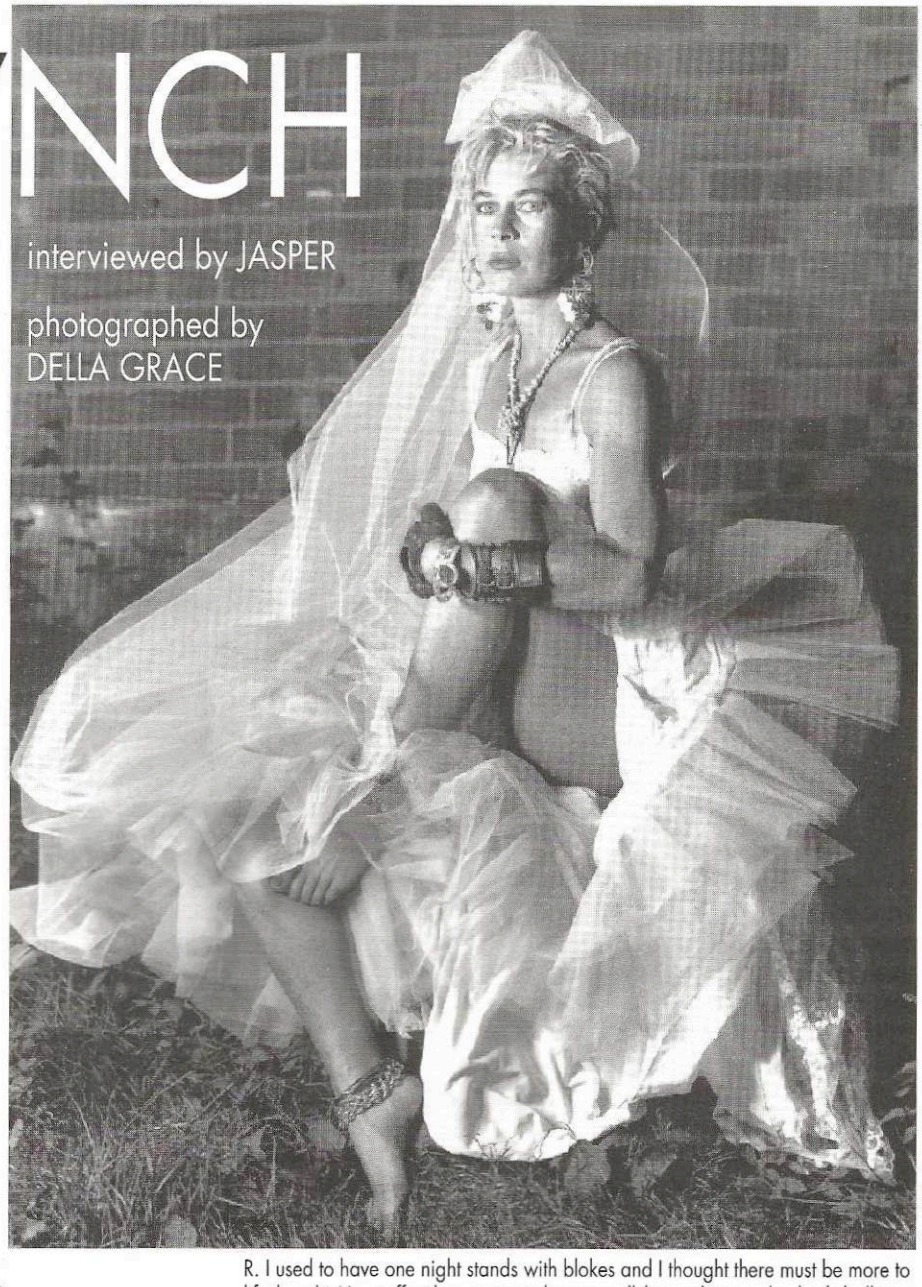


interviewed by JASPER

photographed by DELLA GRACE

A wild, uncompromising singer/songwriter with more than a breath of the romantic

J. What did you want to be before you grew up?
R. Because I'm from a catholic family, my first memories were of wanting to be a nun. Then maybe an actress or a missionary. It was all over the top. It took me a long time to grow up, I think I'm just getting there now! I was quite ill with asthma when I was young, so everything took longer. There's more time to dream about how it's going to be.
J. Who was your best friend at school?
R. I didn't have a best friend at school because I was ill a lot and very shy. When I was thirteen I had a friend called Bernadette Riley. People took the piss out of her as well so we stuck together.
J. Who was, or is, your role-model?
R. I see someone walking down the street and I think, yeah, she's got it, and I want to be like that. I want to be all these women in one. Patti Smith, as a female singer, is perhaps the one I admire most. Mother Theresa as well. Sometimes when you see strength and courage it's in a masculine way and yet there's this little woman doing all that.
J. Are you happy with your looks?
R. No, that's why I constantly change them. I wear hair extensions. I've always wanted big tits.
J. Are you a different person on stage?
R. On stage I'm being everything I always wanted to be. I'm allowed to be emotional, intense, outrageous. I've got the power.
J. Are you conscious of the sexual power you have on stage?
R. Every woman wants to be a sex-symbol but you have to express it in your own way so you don't get taken out of context. You must be who you are or you'll get trapped by the stereotypes. It's one way, through history, that women could be powerful in a male dominated society.
J. If you could have an affair with anyone who would it be?
R. Patti Smith when she was really raunchy. I've always liked Prince 'coz he's got that androgynous feel. That actress, Whoopi Goldberg, she's so funny and so strong.
J. What is your favourite sexual act?
R. It depends who it's with. I'm not somebody who can get off on sex for the sake of it. If I'm in love with someone all they've got to do is look at me.

...it was absolutely brilliant, we were doing it in the bath, in the bed, in the bath again...

J. What sort of porn turns you on?
R. I've never read a lot of porn because I think I'm frightened I'll like it. I read Macho Sluts. I liked the first story because it was about two women rather than a group. I could imagine myself in that because it was one to one. You can't help getting turned on by straight porn because it's so ingrained in you that it's sexy. But because it's from the point of view of the man it puts me off. I'm not just turned on by physical strength but mind strength - people with guts and class and power.
J. Have you ever got into the butch/femme thing?
R. By butch definition I'm a femme but by my own I'm always what I want to be whether it's in lipstick and frills or leather and boots. To me butch/femme is just another institution and, like all institutions of the mind, should be destroyed because it stifles individual self-expression.
J. Why did you decide to sleep with women?
R. I used to have one night stands with blokes and I thought there must be more to life than this! I got off with a woman in between all that and it was absolutely brilliant, we were doing it in bath, in the bed, in the bath again. Then at twenty-five I fell in love. She was sixteen. Even though she was so young she was really on the ball, all these games got played that I didn't know about, I was so naive. I really got turned on by her physicalness. I stayed with her for three years. I like things when they're sweet, when they're deep and true. I believe in the ultimate marriage. Nothing would please me more than to find one woman who had all the qualities I could really admire. I would be with her forever 'cos being faithful's not a problem for me.
J. What is your most enduring fantasy?
R. To meet someone you don't know and you connect straight away. You don't have to talk, you just go to bed with them and have wild sex. You do it all without words. People use words to lie, to bullshit, to change the truth, to put you in your place. I want to get away from that to where there is such an understanding...
J. If you had the power would you censor anything?
R. I would prefer less censorship because then you'd get more truth. As a songwriter I think you should be able to say anything you want, it depends how you say it. If you're going to ride roughshod over everyone's feelings then that's not on.
J. If you could change anything in the world, what would it be?
R. Open up a way for people to be more honest. Nothing's ever that bad if it's up front. Perhaps people will realise that the world is one big contradiction and it is what our reality makes it and maybe not keep hiding.
J. What message would you like to give to *Quim* readers?
R. If you really want it, you can have it. Just be careful that when you get it, it's what you thought you wanted!

Between The Covers

Butch and Femme for Scopophiliacs

It's not easy to find butch and femme images in so-called lesbian mainstream movies. Personal Best, Lianna, Desert Hearts (they call that explicit?). Give me a break. They are so desperately trying not to be offensive that there is nothing erotic left in them, especially nothing as potentially stereotyping as Butch and Femme. Well, fuck that.

As usual if you want to have fun you've got to make it yourself. You've got to look hard in the dark recesses of your video shop and imagination. But be prepared to take the rough with the smooth.

There's a whole pile of sublimely godawful movies which manifest extreme anxiety concerning women's sexuality, the 'Amazons in Fur Bikini's' genre, featuring long-haired butches swinging six-foot swords in defence of their seperatist communities but who end up falling for some new-age bearded barbarian and having babies everywhere. Interesting stuff for the armchair cultural analyst with the added bonus of some tooth and nail hair-pulling cat-fights between jealous rival dykes - or is that all too familiar (sounds like a night down the Bell).

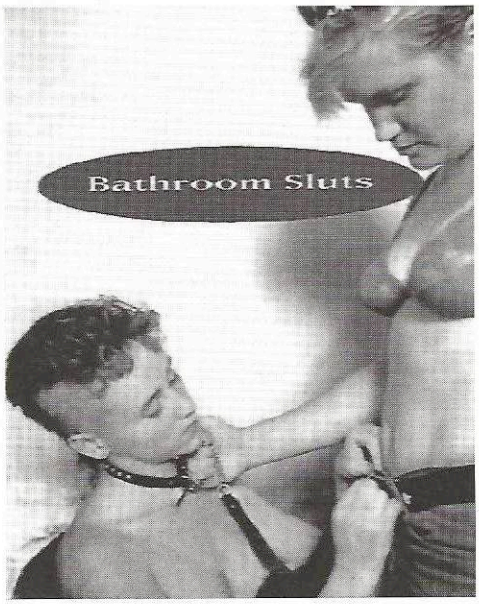
Same goes for the women behind bars genre. Witness Wendy O'Williams tits flailing about causing black eyes all round in Reform School Girls. The wonderful SCUM influenced solidarity of the inmates in Caged Heat. See Cynthia Rothrock kick ass in her martial arts movies, China O'Brien, etc.

Occasionally too, the odd bit of cross dressing crops up in otherwise straight movies - Vasquez in Aliens, 'Hey Vasquez, have you ever been mistaken for a man?' she replies to her eternal glory, 'No, have you?'. Marlene snogs a posh tart in Morocco, Garbo goes both ways in Queen Christina, first she kisses her maid in drag, then, still in drag, she does it with a nobleman, one way to while away a snowstorm....Doris Day's identity crisis in Calamity Jane?

Take it where you can find it or be content with pretty dyke models in Elle and make do with Thelma and Louise....

Michele Hickson

FATALE VIDEOS



Fatale produces lesbian porn. But when it comes to choosing titles, they are not all worth risking the price and the customs officials. Of the Fatale produced videos, *Clips* is probably the best; done sometime after they learned how to work the camera and before they decided they wanted to produce more mainstream porn. A bit on the raw side, with three 'clips' - a masturbation scene, scarves and safer sex, and the infamous g-spot ejaculation. The best thing about *Clips* is that the sex is real and it shows. Real sex is also to be found in two new titles they are distributing called *Bathroom Sluts*, which gives us shaving, a bit of b&d, fucking with a dildo and a fist-fucked top who gives it up without giving up control. No talking, just grinding music, ending with interviews with the women about their feelings and politics around doing lesbian porn. Also out now is *Dress Up For Daddy* with a Daddy/Little Girl scene that should cause a bit of controversy. Wish I could tell you more, but I haven't seen it yet. The two latest productions of Fatales are *Hungry Hearts* and *Suburban Dykes*. Technically, they are better than the others, but they have (sadly) begun working with a formula that looks to me to be directed at your average, male pornophile or maybe your married bi-sexual woman who likes an occasional fling with the girls. In any case the scenarios are notabout dykes getting a down and dirty raw fuck. *Hungry Hearts* is femme on femme, a nice couple on their vacation in a fabulous hotel in the mountains, complete with hot tub. Pretty to look at, but - I don't think the women really come. This makes a difference to me. This reality is what is missing in het porn too often and is what I hope to find in lesbian produced porn. Oh, well - *Suburban Dykes* is the same happy couple from *Hungry Hearts* at home, bored and calling a phone sex line for their very own escort. Butch Sharon Mlitchell arrives and to be honest I haven't seen this yet either, but it could be worth a peek. The other titles Fatale offers are *Shadows*, *Private Pleasures* and *BurLEZk LIVE 1 & 2*. The first two are not worth what it would take to get your hands on, unless you are into archiving the progress of lesbian porn. The latter are portions of the live lesbian strip show that was popular in San Francisco in the mid-eighties and went on the road around the States in '89, with much success. These videos are great because of the whole scene - the clubs, the women and the reactions to the first time dykes had dykes being sexually entertaining just for them. Now, the bad news to all of this is that these are hard to get your hands on. They do mail order, but we all know about the case of the respectable granny, Jenny White, who took customs to court and they still wouldn t give her back her Fatale Videos. So once again we'll put a call out: if anyone knows where they can be purchased or hired out, anywhere in Britain, please let us know.

LULU

Fatale Video, 526 Castro St. CA, 94114., USA

SADE

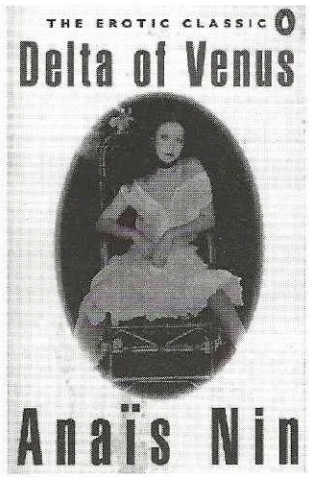
Justine, Philosophy In The Bedroom, Eugenie De Franval and other writings.

by the Marquis De Sade. Published by Arrow Books. Price £ 9.99.

That this new edition of Sade's work is well-timed is demonstrated by the attention it has drawn from the censorship lobby. That is nothing new, as these writings have been suppressed with varying degrees of effort for two hundred years. *Justine* and *Philosophy In The Bedroom* especially are indeed pornographic. As with any porn you are free to choose which sections turn you on and turn you off. Much of it is extreme, Sade lived in extreme times and that coloured his fantasies. These stories express an internalised life (he spent a total of twenty seven years in prison), they take place in an imaginary world which mirrors our own where morality becomes an aberration and the greatest sin is kindness. Where anything goes. In this pretend world you may be surprised to find women with a positive, active sexuality expressing their needs and siezing their pleasures. This portrayal of women demanding fulfilment and rejecting the purely procreative role is what brings Sade's writing into the present. They are dirty books way ahead of their time. Read them if you dare.

JASPER

Anais Nin



She may be straight, give or take some adventures with June, but she's horny as hell so who cares. Sexy writing is sexy writing and Anais Nin is a tease at every turn of the page. She writes with with such a ferocious passion that it's hard to believe that her lusty prose is based on material gathered in the reading rooms of the British Library as she's claimed, and was produced like many sex workers before and after her purely to finance other pursuits - in this case her 'higher' literary endeavours. It may have started out like that but this extract from her diary shows that her sex writing was motivated by more than money and that she had more than an academic interest in her little explored territory. "I had a feeling that Pandora's box contained the mysteries of a woman's sensuality, so different from man's for which man's language was inadequate. The language of sex had yet to be invented. The language of the senses was yet to be explored." Although it's largely het the men are mostly low profile (or perhaps I make them them that way). If I find them distracting I just imagine they're women, substitute the dicks for dildoes and I'm away. Sometimes it's not necessary as in this taster from a lesbian threesome in *Delta of Venus*, a collection of short stories. "They could not keep their hands away from each other and now Elena and Leila together attacked Bijou, intent on drawing from her the ultimate sensation. Bijou was surrounded, enveloped, covered, licked, kissed, bitten, rolled again on the fur rug, tormented with a million hands and tongues. She was begging now to be satisfied, spread her legs, sought to satisfy herself by friction against the other's bodies. They would not let her." Do they, don't they? You'll have to get the book to end the suspense. What merciless cruelty eh? *Delta of Venus* is published by Penguin (£3.99) so is easily available. Another collection *Little Birds* is published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in the US and may be harder to get hold of unless there's also a UK publisher, we don't know. The ISBN number might help: 0-15-652798-7.

Drawing the Line: This project took six years to produce, spent the next couple touring and now comes to us in the form of a book. Three women, two as models and one as photographer, all equal partners, created a series of photographs with the images ranging from the softest of kisses to soft porn to hard porn to s/m to being subjects of a male voyeur. Where do we, as women, draw the line? And why? Photos hung on large white walls, pens available at the door and the open invite to women, and women only, to write exactly what they thought of the images, right on the wall. The show managed to tour to some cities with very different ideas of what 'radical lesbian feminism' is all about, and the results should be very interesting indeed. Published by Press Gang

Stolen Glances: lesbians take photographs. The exhibition to accompany the publication of the book is on 'til January 31st 1992 Pavilion Photography Centre 235 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, West Yorkshire, LS2 3AP. Tel. 0532 431749.

On Our Rag: We have some copies of 'On Our Rag', the US zine mentioned in the last issue. Write to us with £2 (£1.50 for the rag, 50p for postage) and we'll send you one.

Body Art

This mag is a must for any dyke seriously interested in tattooing and body piercing. It may be pricy at seven quid but it's worth it. If you want to know where to have a piercing or who's the best tattooist available for the sort of work you want, this is the place to look. As far as its right-on-ness is concerned, Body Art has covered issues like operation spanner and heavily supported Mr Sabastian during his court case. It regularly features gay artists and photographers who work with body decoration. It even features a David Shenton cartoon page, Surburban Primitives. And in full colour too. All-in-all cash well spent. Available from Compendium, in Camden, Forbidden Planet, New Oxford Street and Fantasy Inn, Charring Cross Road, London. Tracy Siggins

Arguing the Toss

In response to letters we've received asking for titles of 'sex debate' books, here's a mixed bag from both sides of the fence. *Pleasure & Danger*. Published by RKP *Our Blood*: Prophecies and Discourses on Sexual Politics by Andrea Dworkin. Published by Secker & Warburg. *Sexuality: A Reader*. Published by Virago. *Anticlimax* by Sheila Jeffreys. Published by The Women's Press. *Feminism and Censorship*. Published by Prism Press. *Against Sadomasochism*. Published by Frog In The Well in California. *Coming To Power* Published by Alyson.

censored

Squad Watch *an update on the activities of the Obscene Publications Squad which are having a direct or indirect influence on what we read and where we go. Since Operation Spanner when sm gays were successfully prosecuted for consensual sex, things have gone from bad to worse. and this is only in the last four months before we went to press. Arrrrrrgh!!!!!! When will this country WAKE UP.*

October: Scene Out, *the lesbian & gay magazine for the North, write to tell us that they've been threatened with prosecution for distributing a banned safer sex poster from Germany which was deemed too explicit for this country. The Germans reckon it's just hunky dory but then they're into wall smashing not building.*

September: *The* Clit Club *makes a hasty exit from it's regular venue when the owner gets wind that those nasty 'ol queer hating religious fanatics at the OPS are planning a raid. The* CC *has since reopened elsewhere 'cause you can't keep a nasty dyke down.*

August: Gays the Word, *the only lesbian and gay bookshop in England deprives its customers of* Quim, *the only lesbian magazine available in the country because they say, "it would be subject to possible prosecution under the Obscene Publications Act". Words will be said.*

July: Silver Moon *women's bookshop declines to stock Della Grace's book of lesbian pictures,* Love Bites, *for fear that pictures of penetration by dildo (you can't even see it going in!) will incur the wrath of the boys in blue.*

Meanwhile the censorship of 'unclean' lesbian books and magazines on so called feminist grounds continues but that's too long and boring to go into. Yawn! *Do you think we "depict violence against women" as one bookshop said? We'd like to know.*

unbelievable

Yet in the US, the UK's Serious Pleasures gets this photo on the cover by Jill Posner and you won't believe what the girls in Finland get up to at their local feminist centre (see Queer World)...

So, we wonder, does the State effect self-censorship?

QUEER WORLD

Lock up your daughters the dykes are comin' to town!

Wanna run away and join the circus? A bunch of London dykes, tired of poll tax dodging, evictions, vice raids, and the dire state of blinkered Blighty in general are waving goodbye to it all and are off to find a better life elsewhere and everywhere. They're taking their travelling circus around the world, paying their way with performances en route, linking up with dyke enclaves and picking up any that fancy riding with them. There'll be a Quim correspondent in their midst, collecting contributions for the mag as they go so get to It girls. They have one bus already, have plans for others and especially want to hear from mechanics and conventional and/or alternative healers. If you're keen, write c/o Quim and we'll pass your letters on. BM 2182,

Outposts

A dyke in every port? Why not. We reckon it's not beyond the realms of possibility to have a global network of dyke outposts so that wherever we are when we're travelling, we've got at least a phone contact and hopefully bed and board for a bit as well. To get the ball rolling and put our money where our dreams are, we're inviting you to write to us if you're tripping to London (don't let our bleak picture of it in the bit above put you off, the dykes are great) and we'll do our utmost to find you a snug dwelling in which to rest your weary head. If you need a place to stay here or want to open your doors to travelling dykes, write to Outposts at Quim, telling us if you want us to print your contact or pass it on to individuals, and also whether you want wanderers to write first or simply turn up on your doorstep!

HELSINKI

FINLAND

Preparing for the shooting of Doors to the Pleasures, newest erotic video from Pure Androgynous Productions.

Where there ain't no sun, there ain't no fun either...

But sometimes it ain't all that bad. Helsinkicity is far south of the artic circle of Finland and let's then forget all about reindeers and talk about the world famous Helsinki-slut club. Instead of bitching there is lots of witching around the Helsinki bay-area. It is not so long ago that Finnish women were as primitive and wild as our breathtaking nature. The Finnish witchcraft is a powerful and unique experience. Just ask your guides to take you out to old ruins, natural forests, desert islands just outside the city and by the coast of it - become one with them and you will feel strong. At the Women's Union, you can bump into all sorts of activities including erotic or hard core video sex. The space itself is a donation from the suffragettes of the beginning of the century and has a library, gallery, cafe, course centre and one of the offices of the Women's Voice magazine in the historical settings of an old apartment. Whatever the old ladies wished for, the centre now fulfills the social needs of city lesbians and feminists. Producing those sex videos to be seen in the centre as well, it seems, it's widespread for the young filmmakers here to shoot acts pretty spontaneously. Women here are into any kind of exciting happening, especially around sex, as long winters and too short summers make people quite hungry for action! Unfortunately spontaneous sex itself has vanished with the anarchist Extasy days of the eighties, when uplifting the public lesbian sm-sex images in clubs, press, bands, performances and all kinds of art-productions with great success almost disappeared from the streets of our capitol. But we live in hope that the deepening recession will bring out the animal in human beings. The healthy animal - horny and hungry. Anyway pumping up the party is easier than pumping up somebody's ass. Nightlife is colourful, something for every taste. It's not NYC, but it's all right. List of places to go: ClubBerlin, Gay Gambrini, Cantina West, Bar Intro for e.eg. and various warehouse parties at the Cablefactory or Lepakko. Most of these are mixed gay and bisexual hang-outs - trendy and cool. You will be accepted and will find plenty of beauty around you!

Ask for the women only dirty basement parties, as well. They'll pump you up with the darkest and hardest techno sound all night long. Coffee drinking and intellectual debate happen at the university and the Union, of course, following the lines of the global politics. Finnish ladies are very aware, be aware!

If you want to get in contact with the art scene you may step into the Muu-house, which has the best of alternative and lively audiovisual art-gallery-video library facilities. Gay-rights are fought over by the SETA-organization (= sexual equality) which can inform you more about the current happenings and politics. Also the eastern connections if anyone's interested! (It's totally legal to be gay here!)

And then there is the sea. If the city gets too much under your skin, jump into the sea and swim away. So, all the Finnish (beautiful as ice-crystals) sluts are licking their lips and waiting for you to get your fat asses over here and let us suck your pussy. We like travelling to you and we do it a lot - maybe now it's your turn....welcome!

SETA Makel ank.36 A 5,00531 HK I tel .90-769641
Gay Gambrini Iso Roba 3
Berlin Toolonkatu 3
Cantina West Kasarminkatu
Bar Intro Uudenmaank.20
Lepakko Porkkalank.I
The Women's Union BuleYardi 11 A 1

Attitude

Those Hacienda hyenas are back with a regular Attitude party the last week of every month. The Xmas rave is on December 23rd and the January date is the 29th. Join your savage sisters at 11/13 Witworth Street, West Manchester. Tel 061 236 5051 for more info.

Going Down Under

If you want to leave those slinky thermals and seductive woolies at home and go frolick and flaunt in the Sidney sun this February, link up with a party travelling out to the Gay & Lesbian Mardi-Gras - hopefully at a group discount. The festival is from February 7th to March 1st and the parade and party happens on the 29th Feb. Write to Jay, 76 Norwood Road, London SE24 9BB

SUBS

SUBMISSIONS

Every week we go to our post box eager to see what you've sent us. A brief tussle ensues as we fight over who's going to open the envelopes, especially the fat ones, followed by squeals of delight as we read ideas, stories and articles and look at photos. Even if we don't think it's right for the mag we love to get it and we always respect how much love and effort goes into contributions. We won't change what you send us without consulting you first. We've been on your side of the process as contributors to magazines so we know what it's like. But please don't send us your only copy because we can't return originals. We'll write back as soon as we can. (We know, we know! sometimes not soon enough - got to earn our livings unfortunately.) Apart from being able to do Quim full time and having 100 pages, our idea of heaven would be to have fresh faces, writers and photographers in each issue. That would help take us towards our goal of representing as many different sexual tastes as possible. Often dykes come up to us and say words to the effect of 'Quim's crap why don't you have this, that or the other'. Our answer is always the same: "send it to us and if you're getting your idea across well we'll find a space for it." Or they say, "Quim is an s/m magazine isn't is, you won't want my work." While some s/m dykes complain, "how come there's no s/m in Quim." Well, we can't please all the dykes all of the time. Goodness it's rather exasperating.

While we're on the subject...

QUIMQUOTES: S/M. The time has come the Walrus said to talk about s/m. In our experience if you ask ten different dykes what s/m is you'll get ten different answers so we've decided to open up this prickly discussion to everyone and solicit your views on the subject/practice for a Quimquotes feature. We're into personal experience rather than rhetorical rantings and not particularly interested in some lofty writer's analysis either. What we'd like is for you to send in your opinions and personal anecdotes. (Anonymously) Then in June we'll print as many of your comments as possible. Either write whatever you want or use these as a guide. Explain how you define s/m? What would you consider to be 'heavy' s/m behaviour? What would you consider to be 'light' s/m behaviour? For women who have at some or any time defined their behaviour as s/m, why? And in relation to what (practices/toys)? Or who (relationships/politics)?

QUIMQUOTES: TITS. What's your bra size? Describe your tits. How do they make you feel? What kind of tits catch your eye? What is your favourite thing to do to your lovers tits? What's the thing that is done to your tits that makes your cunt hot? Do you care about your tits getting attention? What is your favourite thing to wear on them?

PHOTOGRAPHY: We always need black and white photos for use in various ways; i.e. single photos for graphic use or for illustrating a story, and series of photographs by themselves.

ILLUSTRATIONS: Please send samples of work. We will usually be looking for something specific and assign according to style.

FICTION: We need short (250 - 750 words), true life memories or wishful fantasies for Justify Our Love. We also use at least one longer (1000 - 3000 words) fiction each issue.

ARTICLES: Short articles, 250-500 words, are needed in every section. That means shit kicking bitches for Vent, international reports on partying, politicing and pleasuring for Queer World, news on bands for Music, reviews of books, magazines and videos for Between the Covers, raps with interesting folk for Interviews, tips about toys for Playpen and info about keeping or getting well for Health.

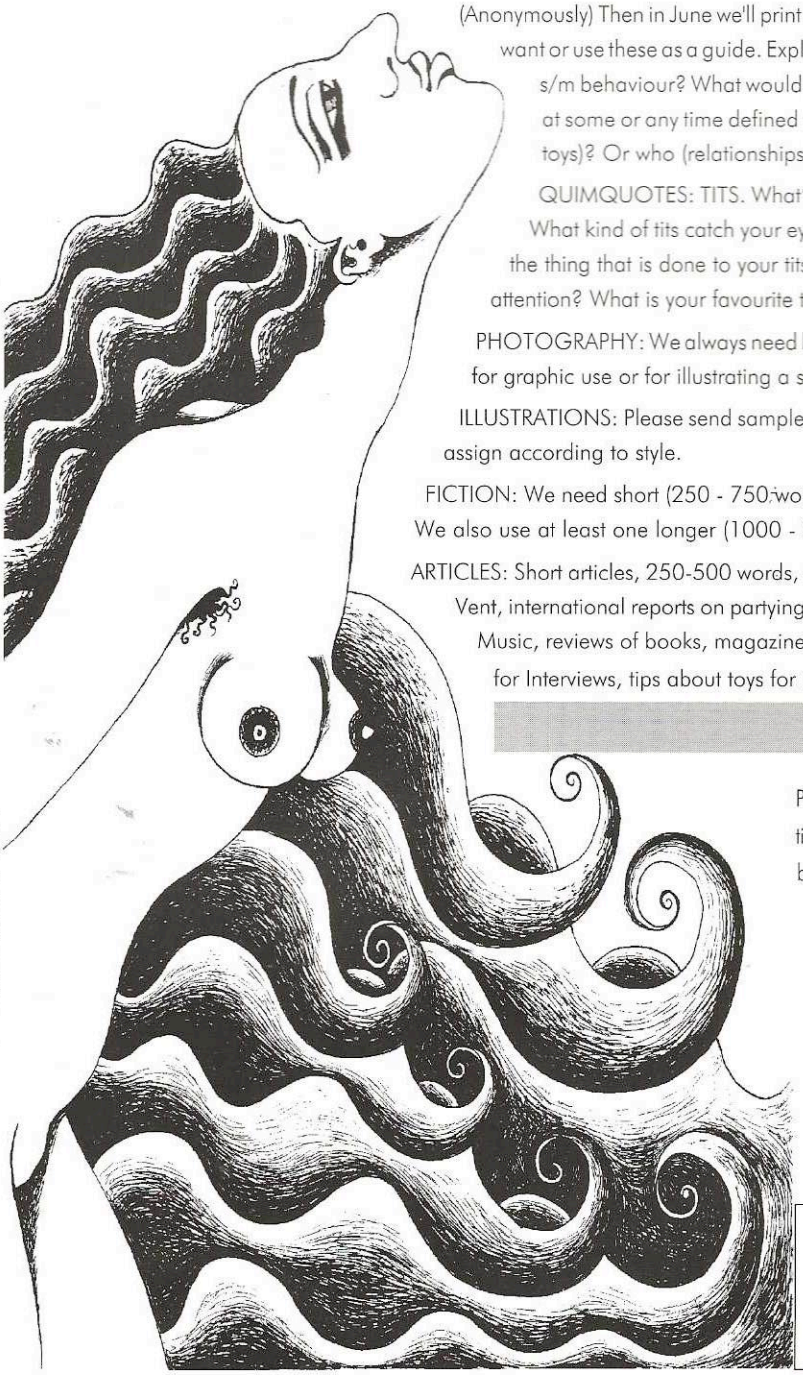


ILLUSTRATION: VIDA RUSSELL

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Lip Service

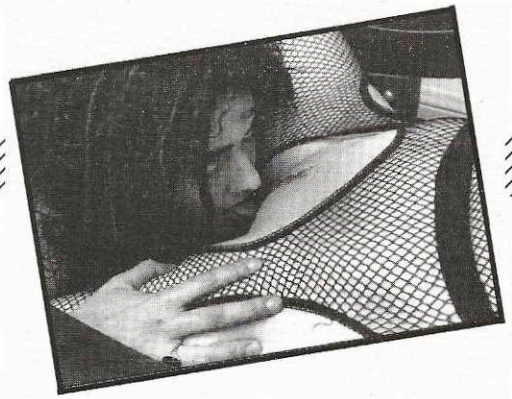

Photo: Phyllis Christopher

These are the questions, answers and bits of miscellany you sent us or scribbled in the *Quim* notebooks we pass around the bars and clubs sometimes, plus odds and ends we couldn't squeeze in anywhere else. Send your *Lip Service* queries, solutions, anecdotes, incidental facts and irrelevancies (where would we be without them) to *Quim* BM 2182, London WCIN 3XX.

Curiouser and curiouser

I'm curious to know if anybody's interested in timing their orgasms and writing in here how long they last?

What is ejaculation made of?

Is the HIV virus in ejaculation fluid?

Does anyone USE a dental dam?

How come women cum in their bottoms?

Amsterdam women are soo schmoky and lazy and cool sweet lovers.

Where does vanilla sex end and s/m sex begin?

I'm real interested in sex with electricity.

How come my teeth ache when I'm really horny?

I'm curious about how your girlz deal with bringing home a girl who you thought was s/m and turns out to be a vanilla baby?

I don't get no feelings off my tits - does anyone else have this and could somebody describe what the sensations are?

Why sometimes when I'm horny am I dry and when I don't think I'm feeling sexy I'm wet?

Free your sex and your heart will follow - The Bloods

Postings

I'd be grateful if you could give me a list of books that you think might be of benefit to me regarding safer sex for s&m dykes. *We only know of one and that's Pat Califia's 'Lesbian SM Safety Manual' which also includes general safer sex info of use to us all. It costs £5.95 and is available mail order from Silver Moon women's bookshop: 68 Charing Cross Road, WC2EI OBB. Tel. 071 836 7906.*

I'm in the process of setting up a mail order sex toy service for women and ordering through UK suppliers rather than having to import from the US.Could you send me the names of women who manufacture rubber and leather wear, harnesses and dildoes, etc. *Send your replies c/o Quim.*

I would be interested to learn what your definitions are of erotica and pornography? *Phew! Many millions of words have been written trying to answer this. Still, s'pose it keeps the academics off the streets. We'd go along with Angela Carter who reckons erotica is posh pornography. In the* Sadein Woman *Carter says : "Once pornography is labelled 'art' or 'literature' it is stamped with the approval of an elitist culture and many ordinary people will avoid it on principle out of fear of being bored."*

Photo: Phyllis Christopher

Euphermisms of our time, otherwise known as she meant it when she said it.
I've got to get it out of my system = I'm dumping you forever.
I want to be non-monogomous = I'm dumping you forever.

Maureen's forehand has great pace and penetration

We heard a whisper

Two anonymous scribblers in the *Quim* book shed a little light on this perplexing query: "What do girls with long finger nails do when they fuck?"

First of all if they have nails they aren't going to be able to satisfy me in a way I would appreciate but there are other means - like scratching the fuck out of me when I'm going to strap it on. It shows me how grateful they are. And they are good for scratching that itch - ooh!

I once met a dyke who I really fancied and when I saw she had really long finger nails I said in my drunken stupor, "That must be a bit dangerous". She just looked at me, dead cool, and said, "use your imagination". I just swallowed. I've since slept with girls with long finger nails and I know exactly what she means. *Tease. What did she mean? Eds.*

A jotter had this to say about: "Why does her smell linger even after I've had a bath?"

The reason the smell probably stays on me even after a bath is because it's everywhere. On the sheets, in my hair, under my short nails, up my nose.

Typical Week and a Half

Lifted from the sexuality issue of Heresies (1981)

Mon. Fantasized fucking a woman with a penis and not letting her use her penis on me. No sex today.

Tues. Dressed in jockey shorts and a long white dress. Looked for a woman or a man dressed as a woman.

Wed. Made love to a man with a vagina while I fantasized that I was dressed as a man making love to a woman.

Thurs. Got fucked by a man and loved it. No fantasy.

Fri. Got eaten by a woman and loved it. No fantasy.

Sat. Played with myself. Fantasised that I was a woman playing with herself.

Sun. A man, pretending to be a woman, let me eat him. I fantasized that he was a woman pretending to be a man.

Mon. While being fucked by a man, I pretended I was fucking him. One of us came.

Tues. A woman made love to me. After, she told me that she was a man and hated queers. She never undressed.

Wed. Went looking for a man to fuck me, but changed my mind and went home with someone dressed in pants.

Thurs. Two people picked me up. One had a penis, the other never undressed. I was satisfied by both.

Fri. Filled out a sex questionnaire

Consuming passions

Wouldn't it cut out a lot of umming, arrging and raised eyebrows about different sexual preferences if like the ancient Greeks we thought about sex in the same way we do food. For them sex was just another appetite like eating and drinking - essential, ritualised on occasion and sometimes prone to excesses which needed to be channeled. Why not us? We could talk about junk fucks, those immediately gratifying quickies that leave you wanting more. Sex snacks, the equivalent to coco and biccies at bed time to satisfy and relax you before you go to sleep. A leisurely dinner for two would be a long, fancy scene with lots of surprises and slight nerves on the part of the woman springing them. For special occasions you'd have charged role playing with polished etiquette and elaborate rituals. You'd need to be on your best behaviour naturally. The banquet would be a delicious orgy with a hostess to do all the worrying and cater to the needs of her guests. (Sex workers would be like chefs.) Binges and fasts would both have a place and we could say 'I'm horny' or 'I'm not in the mood' as easily as we say 'I'm starving' or 'none for me thank you'. Not understanding the pleasure in pain would be on a par with how bewildering those strange women are who have a fetish for pineapple on their pizza. Yuk!

G-SPOT TREMORS

I suppose I thought it was a bit of a myth. That was, until I saw that wonderful G-spot ejaculation in one of Blush Productions' lesbian porn 'Clips.' Replaying the video on slow forward revealed no cut, no break in the action, no insertion of a water pistol, so the next step was to find it for myself.

Inspired by Susie Sexpert's excellent chapter in 'Susie Sexpert's Sex World', in which she describes the said spot as 'actually a sponge, a bean-sized item that fills with blood during sexual arousal.' A friend who discovered hers when masturbating thought it felt 'like the meeting of lots of muscle'. Then I was suddenly reminded of poking tight, purple sea anemones as a child, until they reacted and squirted.

And where is it? Well, you'd need a biology diagram to locate it...'a couple of inches above your pubic bone, directly in front of your uterus...' And although Susie assures me that it can be found with a vibrator or dildo, I think you need something which curls round at the tip, like fingers. However, much pushing and prodding amounted to nothing. I was about to give up when the last issue of Quim, reported 'ruined futons' from joyous G-spotters. I set about it once more, determined at thirty one, to have a totally new sexual experience. I found getting beyond that 'I'm going to piss myself sensation' the most difficult. I started on my back, then turned slightly sideways until I felt that little sponge turn inside out. In that almost painful moment, the waters gushed, flooded the futon and bought a great yelp of surprise from one soaked lover.

But what is it? It's neither piss nor come, but according to Susie, 'a substance similar to semen without the sperm... the urethral sponge is analogous to the male prostate gland, which is an orgasmic area for men reached through the anus instead of the cock.' And where does it come from? Does it recharge daily? What does it taste like? Is it nutritious, good for the skin? Can it carry the HIV virus? Do lots of women having intercourse with men have G-spot ejaculations? Are they the same as vaginal orgasms? One straight friend assured me that she had both clitoral and vaginal orgasms, but has never ejaculated. THT told me that there has been no research into different kinds of vaginal fluids and the virus. Surprise~ surprise.

Of course there is great controversy about the very existence of the spot among medical 'experts'. The 'G' refers to a Mr. Ernst Grafenburg, a German obstretician and gynaecologist who discovered it. You can get further information from *The G-Spot* by A.K Ladas, B. Whipple and J.D Perry, published by Rinehart and Winston in the early eighties, which sadly is out of print. And why? Are women's sexual organs merely fads which come and go, instead of becoming diagrams in school biology text books? *BY CHERRY SMYTH*

Just passing

How dare they jail Jennifer Saunders (not her!) for pretending to be a boy and fucking her girlfriends with a dildo. She got six years for assault after the girl who'd been sleeping with Jennifer discovered she was actually a member of her own sex and brought charges. (Good luck with your appeal Jennifer.) It's absolututely outrageous. Join the LABIA (via Outrage) and Liberty defense campaigns today! Jenny, alias Jimmy, follows in the footsteps of a long line of lesbians who made out they were male.

Fact

Three years ago Billiy Tipton died after spending the whole of her adult life as a man - it was the only way she could play piano and saxophone in the Big Band era. She had a wife and adopted sons.

Nicholas De Raylan died in 1906. As a man she'd fought in the Spanish-American War.

Charley Parkhurst, born Charlotte Parkhurst in 1812, was a stagecoach driver in the California gold-rush.

Katherine Vosbaugh, born in 1827, left France for the Wild West where she called herself 'Frenchy' and married another woman.

Valerie Arkell-Smith (seen here in 1926) convinced the world she was a war hero and was known as the 'colonel'. Her true sex was revealed when she was stripped while on remand for bankruptcy. The judge said she had "an unprecedented and very peculiar nature" before banging her up for nine months. (Info from *Lesbian Lists* and *Amazons and Military Maids*)

Fiction

'In the Casino that night I tried to decide what to do. She thought I was a young man. I was not. Should I go see her as myself and joke about the mistake and leave gracefully? My heart shrivelled at this thought. To lose her again so soon. And what was myself? Was this breeches and boots self any less real than my garters? What was it about me that interested her? You play, you win. You play, you lose. You play.'

From *The Passion*, Jeanette Winterson, Bloomsbury Press

"What does she do?" Laura asked rather shyly.

"Who? Beebo?"

"She must get money somewhere. She has to pay the rent like everybody else."

"She runs an elevator. In the Grubb Building. They think she's a boy."

"My God - an elevator." It seemed wrong, even ludicrous. Beebo had too much between her ears to fritter her youth away running an elevator. "What does she do that for?"

"She doesn't have to wear a skirt."

Laura was stunned. It was pathetic, even shameful. For the first time she saw Beebo not as an overwhelming, handsome, self-assured individual, but as a very human being, with a little more pride and fear and weakness than she ever permitted to show."

Laura to Beebo: "Grow up Beebo. You'll never be a little boy. Or a big boy. You just haven't got what it takes. You can wear pants till you're blue in the face and it won't change what's underneath."

From Ann Bannon's *I Am A Woman* first published in 1959. Now available from Naiad Press.

The biggest secret an s/m dyke has is how much vanilla sex she actually has - Della Grace

Photography Kevin Davies / Design Phil Bicker @ Village

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